What here thou Viewest, is the Graver's Art,
A Shape of man Only the Outward part
Peruse the booke, therein more plainly read
Vera Effigies Samuelis Speed.

Priſon-Pietie:

OR,

MEDITATIONS

Divine and Moral.

Digeſted into Poetical Heads,
On Mixt and Various Subjects.

Whereunto is added

A

PANEGYRICK

TO

The Right Reverend,
and moſt Nobly deſcended,
HENRY
Lord Biſhop of LONDON.

By SAMUEL SPEED,
Priſoner in Ludgate, *London.*

Deſpiſe not this, 'cauſe in Confinement writ;
Priſons improve the gifts of Grace and Wit.

For, *Before I was afflicted, I went aſtray: but now have I learned thy Statutes.*

LONDON: Printed by *J.C.* for *S. S.* and ſold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter.* 1677.

TO

The moſt Reverend Father in God

His Grace

GILBERT

By Divine Providence

Lord Arch-biſhop

OF

CANTERBURY,

Primate and Metropolitan

Of all *ENGLAND.*

May it pleaſe your Grace:

USe hath become a Cuſtome for Writers to ſhroud their Pens and Parts under the Patronage of ſome Honourable and ſe-

A cure

cure Protection; by which, my Lord, I am emboldened to ſupplicate your Graces favour; my Attempt carrying with it theſe two Reaſons to mitigate my Preſumption: Firſt, that theſe my *Ejaculations* and *Meditations* being Divine, they pretend a Title to your Graces Cognizance; with whoſe moſt learned Name being preſented to the world, they will undoubtedly finde an Acceptance among Pious and Judicious Readers. The other Reaſon is, That ſince your Grace was acquainted with my deceaſed Grand-father Mr. *John Speed*, the Engliſh Chronologer, and laborious Genealoger, the Author (and this his *Enchiridion*, he) humbly hopes may obtain your favourable A-

ſpect:

ſpect: For which cauſes, I am apt to promiſe to my ſelf a fair Interpretation, though they are the Iſſues of my Retirements in a Priſon; ſince from the like place Almighty God by a Miracle did redeem St. *Peter*, and our Bleſſed Saviour deigned to love poor *Lazarus*, though in a low condition: though I write from a Priſon to the Palace of *England*'s renowned Metropolitan, it is, however, to teſtifie the zeal I have for your Graces merits. May your Honours, as your hours, increaſe in this Age; may your glorious Memory be admired in futurity: And when your Grace ſhall exchange your Terreſtrial Theatre for a Cœleſtial Throne, may a Crown of Glory to eternity a-

dorn your Vertues; which is and ſhall be the continual Prayer of,

Moſt Reverend, Learned,
and moſt Pious Patron,

Your Graces

Moſt devout, moſt humble,
and
obſequious Servant,

SAMUEL SPEED.

To

To the

DEVOUT.

Chriſtian Reader,

LOndon's *too late and fatal Judgments, the* Plague *and* Fire, *having made me uncapable to manage my Affairs with the like ſucceſs as formerly, ſome Creditors, ſevere as well as covetous, forced me to a Confinement in* Ludgate; *where, the better to employ my time, I have compiled and compoſed this Manual of Meditations, which conſiſts of Pſalms, Hymns, and Divine Poems: In which act of Contemplation, I made my Priſon my Paradiſe, being ſo tranſported with Raptures, that I baniſh'd from my memory all thoughts of my Affliction: And as I found great ſatisfaction in the writing, I hope the Reader will finde the like in*

the peruſal; for in it are variety of Subjects, eſpecially ſuch as are extracted from the Pſalms, that book which may properly be called the Heart of the Bible, and is therefore moſt fitly placed in the middle, as the Anatomy of the Soul, the Epitome of the Law, and the Expoſitor of the Goſpel; the Regiſter, Enchiridion, and Summary of the Holy Scriptures.

And as the writing thereof hath been delightful, ſo certainly in Confinement no pleaſure can exceed a ſerious (eſpecially if Divine) Study; no Companions can be better than divine Books; nor can any time be better ſpent than in contemplative Devotion. Therefore ſince this life is as it were a Fair, and while the Fair laſteth there is to be bought in it any thing that is neceſſary; if we ſuffer the time of the Fair to ſlip away, it is in vain to expect another: Wherefore before the time be paſt, which the Lord of the Fair and the mercie of thy Maker hath allowed, be ſtudious to perform Repentance, that thou mayſt procure Pardon; be diligent to gain Grace, that thou mayſt obtain Glory.

It is reported of Alexander *the Great, that when he came to beſiege any place he cauſed a burning Light to be ſet up, and then made proclamation, that ſo long as the Light burned, he gave his Enemy time to ſeek for mercie by ſurrendring themſelves and the place; but if within that time they did it not, the Sword ſhould deſtroy them all. Now what is mans life but a burning Light? and ſo long as this Light continues, God gives us time to make our peace with him, and to provide for our future ſafety; but this Light being once extinguiſhed before we draw neer to God, by Repentance and Converſion, thoſe two fabricks of Salvation, what remains but a ſudden and an eternal deſtruction? Therefore ſince we have filled God's bag with our ſins, let us likewiſe fill his bottle with our tears.*

Wherefore when we waſte our time, we ought not to complain for the want of time; but rather to follow the example of that holy St. Ignatius, *who (when he heard a Clock ſtrike) would ſay,* There's one hour more now paſt that I have to anſwer for.

Latimer *roſe uſually at Two of the clock in the morning to his Study*; *and* Bradford *ſlept not commonly above four hours in the night*; *and in his bed, till ſleep came, his Book went not out of his hand. He counted that hour not well ſpent, wherein he did not ſome good, either with his Pen, his Study, or Diſcourſe*; *theſe Worthies well weighing that truth which* Seneca *aſſerts:* Time that is conſumed idly, is rather ſpilt than ſpent.

Contemplation is the life of the Soul, and the Chriſtians beſt Companion in his ſolitude; *but a contemplative life without practice, is like unto* Rachel, Jacob's *Wife, beautiful, bright-ſighted, but barren. It is good therefore to have* Rachel's *beautiful face to be ſeconded with* Leahs *fruitful womb. By Contemplation and Conſideration,* Solomon *got much of his Wiſdom, as appeareth by his* Eccleſiaſtes, *which by ſome is very aptly called* Solomon's Soliloquy.

St. Baſil *left his friends and acquaintance, retiring himſelf into a Wilderneſs, that he might the more devoutly ſerve God, and delight himſelf in holy Meditations.*

tations. And St. Hierome *comforting a young Hermit, bad him look up to Heaven, and take a few turns in Paradiſe, by his Meditations; aſſuring him, that ſo long as he had Paradiſe in his minde, and Heaven in his thoughts, he ſhould not be ſenſible of his Solitarineſs.*

Nor is Contemplation onely delightful, but alſo profitable, by taking the meditation off from vain Imaginations, idle Company, profane Diſcourſe, and obſcene Songs; all which are too frequent in a Priſon, and tend not onely to the corruption of good Manners, but the ruine both of Precepts & of Principles: for vain Songs are Songs ſung to the World, laſcivious Ballads are Songs ſung to the Fleſh, and Satyrical Libels are Songs ſung to the Devil; onely Pſalms, Hymns, and ſpiritual Songs, making melody in the heart, are Songs ſung to the Lord.

Spiritual Silence is a ſweeter note than a loud (eſpecially if lewd) Sonnet; and the advice of St. James *is both divine and wholſome:* Is any among you afflicted? let him pray: Is any merry? let him ſing Pſalms.

To the Devout.

I know it is a general humour in this Age, to think no Verſe good but what is ſcurrilous and profane; nor do I promiſe Elegancy in my ſtile, that being more proper for dramatick than divine Poeſie. Nay, ſuch is the looſeneſs of this Age, that many are of opinion, that Divinity in verſe is unpleaſant to the ear and to the heart: let ſuch be convinced by the Pſalms of David, *or the Song of his ſon* Solomon. *Divine Verſe hath theſe two operations: it is pleaſant, and makes an impreſſion in the memory of the Reader; ſo true is that of the excellent Mr.* Geo. Herbert, *Univerſity-Oratour of* Cambridge.

A Verſe may take him who a Sermon flies,
And turn delight into a Sacrifice.

As Affliction admits of Contemplation, ſo Proſperity ſwells the Heart: this Agur *knew well, and therefore prayed for a Mediocrity. Some are of opinion, that* Solomon's *wealth did him much more hurt than his wiſdom did him good.* David's *firſt ways were his beſt ways; neither was he ever ſo good and tender as when*

when he was hunted like a Partridge on the Mountains. Indeed of Veſpatian *it is ſtoried, that he was made the better man by being made Emperour; but he was too rare a bird to have his fellow.*

Such is the incertainty of humane Affairs, that a full Eſtate diſcovers a man as well as doth a low and empty one: To know how to abound, is as high a part of Grace as to know how to want: God tries in a right-hand-way as well as in a left-hand-way: Poverty endangers Grace much, but Riches more: To be great in the World, is a great temptation: it is a hard thing to carry a full Cup with an even hand. Many when they grow rich in Temporals, wax poor in Spirituals: As their outward man increaſeth, ſo their inward man decayeth; and as the fleſh flouriſhes, the ſpirit withers: yet proſperous wickedneſs is accounted Vertue.

Dionyſius, *after the ſpoil of an Idol-temple, finding the winds favourable in his Navigation*, Lo, *ſaid he*, how the Gods approve of Sacriledge: *So divers becauſe they are proſperous, are apt to believe themſelves pious, and that God*

muſt

muſt needs love them becauſe the World doth; but a painted face is no ſigne of a good Complexion: And Seneca *hath this ſaying;* The greateſt unhappineſs is to proſper in Impieties.

Adverſity teacheth Humility, and how to pray; Proſperity leads to Pride, Folly, Vain-glory, and all manner of Evils. David *in perſecution and wars, was a chaſt man; when he came to take his eaſe, he was caught in the ſnare of Adultery. Who ever ſwam in ſuch a Sea of Honour and Riches as* Solomon? *and who ſank ſo egregiouſly as he? Such as ſtand upon ſlippery places, ſlide ere they be aware; and the higher the Pinacle is from whence they do deſcend, the greater muſt be their precipitation:* But Godlineſs with contentment is great gain. *To conclude, I end with that of St.* Paul,

1 *Cor.* 14. 15.

I will with heart and underſtanding ſing
Praiſe to the Name of the eternal King.

From my Chamber
in Ludgate.

S. S.

THE

THE PRAYER OF St. *Thomas Aquinas*, WHICH He uſed to ſay before he went to ſtudy.

O Unſpeakable Creator, who from the treaſure of thy Wiſdom haſt appointed three Hierarchies of Angels, and placed them by a wonderful Order above the Heaven; and haſt moſt admirably diſtributed the parts of the World. Thou, which art called the true Fountain of Light, of Wiſdom, and the Higheſt Being; vouchſafe to pour down upon the darkneſs of my Underſtanding in the which I was born, the double Beam of thy Brightneſs, removing

moving from me Darkneſs, or the clouds of Sin and Ignorance. Thou which makeſt eloquent the Tongues of men, and giveſt the benefit of Utterance, inſtruct my Tongue, and pour into my Lips the grace of thy Bleſſing: Give me quickneſs of Underſtanding, capacity of Retaining, judgment in Interpreting, facility of Learning, and copious Grace of Speaking: Guide my going in, direct my going forward, and accompliſh my going forth: Teach me to inſtruct others in thy fear, that they and I may ſing Praiſes to thee and to the Lamb for evermore. *Amen.*

A BRIEF

Exhortation to Prayer,

Written by St. *Chryſoſtome.*

IT is very meet and profitable that we employ the time of our life in Prayer, that thereby our hearts may continually receive the ſweet dew of God's Grace; of which all perſons have no leſs need, than Trees and Herbs have of refreſhing waters: for they cannot bring forth fruit except the roots be comforted with moiſture; and in like manner, it is impoſſible for us to be repleniſhed with beautiful fruits of Piety, if our hearts be not refreſhed by Prayer: for which cauſe we ought to forſake our beds, and prevent the Sun-riſing in God's ſervice.

The like we ought to do when we go to meat, and at night when we take our reſt; yea, it behoveth us at all times to offer ſome Ejaculation to God, to the end we may

may continually retain him and his mercies in our mindes. Tell me, O my Soul, how canſt thou behold the Sun, if thou doſt not honour him that made thine eyes to behold that moſt beautiful Light? How canſt thou go to the Table to eat, if thou doſt not firſt honour him who giveth and furniſheth thee dayly with ſuch great benefits? How canſt thou truſt thy ſelf in a dark and diſmal night, when diſcontents, dreadful dreams, and many dangers might aſſault thee, if thou doſt not defend thy ſelf by Prayer and holy Meditations, which are the watchful guards that allay and deſtroy the ſtratagems of wicked ſpirits that continually endeavour to ſurprize and to devour? but if they ſee thee furniſh'd with Prayer or divine Cogitations, they preſently retire, even as wicked theeves when they ſee the Sword towards them. Wherefore, put you on the Armour of God, that you may withſtand the aſſaults of the Devil.

Dr.

Dr. *Thomas Cranmer*,

Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*,

HIS

Prayer for Wiſdome.

Let my Prayer be ſet forth before thee as Incenſe; and the lifting up of my hands as the Evening-ſacrifice.

O God of my fathers, and Lord of mercies, thou that haſt made all things with thy Word, and didſt ordain man through thy Wiſdom, that he ſhould have dominion over thy Creatures which thou haſt made, and that he ſhould order the World according to Holineſs and Righteouſneſs, and execute Judgment with an upright heart; give me Wiſdom which is ever about thy Seat, and put me not out from among thy Children:

Children: For I thy ſervant, and ſon of thy Handmaid, am but of a ſhort time, and too weak for the underſtanding of thy Judgments and Laws. Although a man be never ſo perfect among the children of men, yet if thy Wiſdom be not with him, he ſhall be of no value: O ſend her out therefore from thy Holy Heavens, and from the Throne of thy Majeſty, that ſhe may be with me, and labour with me, that I may know what is acceptable in thy ſight: for ſhe knoweth and underſtandeth all things; and ſhe ſhall lead me ſoberly in my works, and preſerve me in her power: So ſhall my works be acceptable by Chriſt our Lord; to whom, with the Father, and the Holy Ghoſt, be all Honour and Glory, World without end. *Amen.*

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wiſdom; and the price of Wiſdom is above Rubies.

HOLY RULES
FOR
The Devout Chriſtian.

IF thou art learned, be alſo pious: for Learning ſanctified, is an Ornament to Grace; but Learning corrupted, is an Advocate for the Devil.

Call to minde, and oftentimes examine thy ſelf, accounting thy thoughts, thy words, and deeds, eſpecially after much buſineſs, diſcourſes, paſtime,&c.

Silence is commendable in things that appertain not to thee; to the end thou mayeſt the better call to minde the ſufferings of a crucified Saviour.

If God hath bleſſed thee with an Eſtate, relieve thy Brother; and ſo live as having little, yet poſſeſſing all things: For remember that Meat, Drink, and Cloath, are the Riches of a Chriſtian; and

and ſince Chriſt gave himſelf for thee, well may'ſt thou give ſome Fruits of thy labour unto his.

Let Death be oftentimes the ſubject of thy Meditations; yield thy ſelf wholly to God. If thou art poor, and haſt nothing to requite him with but thy prayers and thy ſelf, yet if thou giveſt thy ſelf to his diſpoſal, thou then giveſt all thou haſt. The Apoſtles left their Ships and their Nets: The poor Widow gave only her two Mites to the poor mans box, and ſhe was preferred before a wealthy Croeſus. *He eaſily deſpiſeth all things of this world, that doth but remember he muſt die.*

In open Aſſemblies uſe not ordinarily all ſpiritual things, leſt thou ſhalt be thought to be ſingular; except thou may'ſt edifie others, and by thy example ſtir them up to the like.

On all occaſions prefer the glory of God and his ſervice above all things.

Be a comfort to the Afflicted, reconcile Diſſentions, viſit the Sick and the Impriſoned, and forget not to relieve the Poor and needy: Above all things, have fervent love, for love ſhall cover a multitude of ſins.

Faſt

Fast one day in each month, or oftner if the strength of thy body will bear it; and remember to distribute thy Alms: for Fasting and Alms are the wings of Prayer.

If perturbation or discontents arise in thy minde, apply thy self to Prayer. Go not to thy rest in wrath, lest thou givest the common enemy to mankinde an opportunity to surprize thee.

Beware of immoderate Cares, lest you dishonour or deny God: for such cares are

1. Needless, 2. Bruitish, 3. Bootless, 4. Heathenish.

1. *Needless.* *What need we care, when* Our heavenly Father knoweth we have need of these things? *And saith,* Be careful for nothing, but let us cast our cares on him, for he careth for us.

2. *Bruitish.* Consider the fowls of the air, and ravens that he feeds, they toyl not.

3. *Bootless, and in vain.* Which of you by taking thought, can adde one cubit to his stature, or peny to his estate?

4. *Hea-*

4. *Heathenish.* For after all these things the Gentiles seek.

Repent dayly; let not the Devil have the Flour of thy age, and God the Bran.

The Spirit of Prayer is far more pretious than Treasures of Gold and Silver.

Despise not the Ministers of Christ; for Christ is the Word, and they are his Embassadors.

God requires we should mortifie our lusts; for Prayer, without that, is the service of a Hypocrite.

Sin bringeth shame and sorrow; but Piety hath the portion of everlasting joys.

Let us cloath our selves with Righteousness; it is the safest Armour against the darts of Satan.

The two Roads that lead to Heaven, are Innocence and Repentance.

Sin is the Christians greatest sore, and Repentance his surest salve: who then would want the rare Jewel of Repentance? since, If ye seek, ye shall finde.

An Alarm to the Drowſie.

PErmit not ſluggiſh ſleep
To cloſe your waking eye,
Till you with judgement deep,
Your dayly actions try.
He that his ſin as Darling keeps,
when he to quiet goes,
More deſperate is than he that ſleeps
Amidſt his mortal foes.
At night lie down, prepar'd to have
Thy ſleep thy death, thy bed thy grave.

DIVINE ADVICE TO THE Devout Soul.

THy Soul is ſpiritual, and thy Body is fleſh; make not then fleſh of thy ſpirit: for an habitual familiarity with corrupt luſts, perverts it into the baſeſt fleſh.

God

God hath made man a lovely Creature; do not then make thy ſelf a Monſter.

He dignified thee at firſt, to glorifie thee at laſt.

Then let not Carnality deprive thee of thy Bleſſings.

With thy ſins God will not own thee; then tremble to think who it is will take thee.

If by Luſt thou haſt loſt the ſence of Honour and Glory, ſtudy to recover it by Grace.

Thy Soul is immortal, cannot die; thy Body is mortal, muſt die: Let not then thy Body be preferred above thy Soul.

Thy Body hath but a leaſe for Life; then let not a Moment be preferred before Eternity.

Study not to ſatisfie thy Body, and neglect the ſalvation of thy Soul.

It is madneſs to ſeek for an unreaſonable welfare for the body, and thereby eternally ruine both ſoul and body.

For ſo the immortal is made damnably mortal, and dies to bliſs; and the mortal miſerably immortal, ever living to wo.

Remem-

Remember, thy Soul is the noble part of Humane nature; wherefore to ſet thy affections on Earth, is infinitely below thee, ſuch is thy *Nobility*.

Thy Arms are the *Minde* and *Will*, which were created to embrace Mercie, Truth, Juſtice, Charity, *&c.* and all the Vertues of a heavenly life.

Thy Body is ſervant to thy Soul; let it tread upon the Earth, for that is likewiſe its ſubject.

Let not then the Soul, which is the Soveraign of the body, ſet its heart upon that Earth on which its ſubject ſets his foot.

In thy Soul is the Image of God; let it not then be ſtained with the ſimilitude of beaſt.

Let Reaſon, not Senſe, direct thee; a Rational will, not the appetite of a Bruit.

He that lives a negligent and careleſs life, does what he can to outdo the Devil in his own undoing.

For God hath given him Reaſon, and his depraved nature acts againſt it.

If thou wouldſt be in eternal bliſs, act like man, but appear like God: for Heaven hath no room for beaſts.

If a wicked Spirit hath deformed thee, let an holy one transform thee.

Every child of God ſhould maintain his Father's likeneſs, that he may enjoy his inheritance.

Thy Soul is the Spouſe of God, the great Creator is its Huſband; no Creature is worthy to be thy Match or Mate: then conſult thy Honour; if thou loveſt the World and embraceſt the Earth, canſt thou hate Adultery with man, and be an Adultreſs to God?

Let not a Strumpet ſtand in thy ſight; but eſpecially ſuffer not thy heart to whore after Vanity.

If thou falleſt into ill Company that ſhall court thee, let not the Devil woo thee.

O my Soul, thou moſt beloved above all Creatures, that haſt God for thy Husband, Heaven for thy Dower, and Earth for thy Service; ſuffer not Hell to be thy Pander, to dote upon the World; let thy Heart be an Habitation for God and Heaven.

Thy Soul is the Lord of thy Body; take then thy bodies homage, not thine own ruine: let thy Soul act the will of God, and command the body to execute thine: Let not thy body be thy God, leſt thou becomeſt a Devil to thy ſelf.

Thy Soul is an Angels peer; let it not then be a companion for Satan.

Let not thy Lordſhip be ſold for ſlavery and miſery: for if thou maintaineſt not thy right, Hell muſt be thy harbour, Torments thy terrour, and wicked Spirits thy company.

Thy Soul, under God, is the ſupream Soveraign of thy body; be not then a ſubject to thy ſubject; let not the law of the Members be the law of the Minde: for the Senſes are Handmaids to the Soul, and ſhe is the Princeſs of Heaven.

Thy Soul is a free-born-childe of Eternity, Heir of Immenſity, the Daughter of Almighty God, who is beyond all bounds of Time and Being: to whom then oughteſt thou to pay thy duty, but to him alone?

Thy Body is but a priſon to thy Soul; thou art incloſed in the walls of Mud

and gates of Senſe : Can there then be more pleaſure in a Priſon than a Palace? Shall a Bodily Reſtraint be preferred before a Spirits Liberty ? Canſt thou count thy Bondage to be thy Bliſs? Are Chains of Iron to be eſteemed above the Treaſures of Gold? Are Fetters better than Freedom ? Earth is but a Goal to Heaven; then be not ſo raſh as to prize thy Goal before thy Delivery, leſt thou art caſt into that Goal from whence there is no redemption.

It is moſt juſt, that the Soul that prizeth the Devil's Chain before God's Liberty , ſhould have the Devil's Priſon inſtead of God's Palace; and be for ever his ſlave in Hell,that would not be God's ſervant for a time on Earth.

O thou beloved Dove of God, fly to thy Cœleſtial home; belime not thy ſpiritual wings in ſlime and mud : in Heaven is thy Treaſure, and where canſt thou finde more Riches to invite thee?

Be not like the Crow, to feed upon Carrion; or like the blinde Beetle, to place thy bleſſedneſs in Boggs.

Make not ſale of thy ſelf to buy a Goal,

Goal, when thou parteſt with a Palace for the purchaſe, and becomeſt a Familiar to Bolts and Shackles.

Thy Soul is God's Jewel, and thy Body is the Caſket; then keep thy Body clean, that thy Soul may the better be preſerved.

It is a bright Diamond of Heaven, a Spark of the Divinity, & a Ray of Divine Glory, ſet for a time in the Foil of Fleſh, till it pleaſeth God to take it to himſelf, and keep it for ever in his Cabinet.

Let not then thy Soul, that tranſparent Diamond, be an ornament to the Devil's finger, when it may ſit at the right hand of God, where there are Pleaſures for evermore.

Thy Soul is the Purchaſe of Chriſt, bought with no leſs than the blood of the Son of God; then ſell not that for a Trifle, which coſt thy Saviour ſo great a price: it is better to enjoy the Riches of Eternity, than to purchaſe Vanity for a Moment.

Is thy body diſtemper'd, then thou requireſt Phyſick; if wounded, thou ſendeſt for a Chirurgeon; if naked, it muſt

have Cloaths; and if hungry, it muſt have Food. For theſe thou ſhouldeſt depend upon God; for he knoweth all theſe things are neceſſary: But when thy precious Soul lies ſick of ſin, hath wounds of the ſpirit, ſtript of its innocence, and ſtarv'd for grace, no regard is given thereunto; not conſidering, though thou uſeſt humane helps, it is God that gives the Bleſſing, and is the Phyſitian both of Soul and Body.

That Soul that acts the part of a faithful ſervant to the Lord, ſhall have a double reward, The Crown of a Saint, and of a Sufferer.

Certain Conſiderations, worthy the Devout Souls Meditation.

THE Soul is Spiritual, ſin makes it Carnal.

The Soul is Immortal; ſin is the death of the Soul, it makes it die to Grace, and live in Grief.

The Soul is Noble, ſin makes it Ignominious.

The Soul is Lord, ſin enſlaves it.

The Soul is Soveraign, ſin brings it in ſubjection.

The Soul is God-like, ſin makes it beaſtial.

The Soul is the Spouſe of God, ſin makes it the Strumpet of the Devil.

The Soul is the Jewel of God, ſins caſts it in the Devil's fire.

The Soul is a free-born Citizen of Heaven, ſin keeps it in perpetual impriſonment.

The Soul is God's Purchaſe; ſin cheats God of his due, and the Soul of eternal Bliſs.

A MISCELANY OF Divine Maximes: OR, Words fitly ſpoken, *Like Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver.*

1. WOuldſt thou be truly perfect? love God with all thy heart, and thy Neighbour as thy ſelf.

2. Let thy eye be always upon God and thy ſelf, and thou ſhalt never ſee him without goodneſs, nor thy ſelf without miſery.

3. None ſhall ſee God ſo much as he is viſible; and none ſhall ever love God ſo much as he is amiable.

4. He that doth not covet to love God more and more, can never love him enough.

5. To whom God is all, the World ought to be nothing at all.

6. Let us be what God will, ſo we be but his; and let us not be what we will our ſelves, againſt the will of God.

7. In the ſervice of God, there is nothing little enough to be rejected.

8. To meditate much upon God is good, but the Souls greater advancement in Vertue, conſiſts in much loving him.

9. He

9. He to whom God alone is pleaſing, is diſpleaſed with nothing, but that which diſpleaſeth God.

10. In Divine matters a generous Soul finds greateſt contentment, in believing things moſt difficult.

11. All our actions take their value from their conformity to the Will of God.

12. Love and Suffering are the greateſt duties we owe to God, they being the two cauſes for which he died for us.

13. He that neglects his own will, complies beſt with God's.

14. So love thy Neighbour upon Earth, as that thou mayſt enjoy his love in Heaven.

15. Thou canſt not love thy Neighbour too much, but thou mayſt too much ſhew thy love.

16. One great argument of our love to our Neighbour, is to bear with his imperfections.

17. We ſhould never endure to hear evil ſpoken of any but our ſelves.

18. We ſhould never under-value any perſon; the workman loves not that his work ſhould be deſpiſed in his preſence: wherefore beware, for God is preſent every where, and and every perſon is his work.

19. It is a ſpiritual injuſtice to deſire to know the ſecrets of others, and to conceal our own

20. We ought not to love our Neighbour onely becauſe he is good, or becauſe we hope he

will be ſo, but becauſe God commands us ſo to do.

21. In holy duties we ſhould ſpeak little, think much, but do more.

22. It is a great evil not to do good.

23. The juſt man never dies unprepared: for he is well prepared for death, who perſeveres in Chriſtian juſtice to the end.

24. Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble, is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joynt.

25. As he that taketh away a Garment in cold weather, and as Vinegar upon Nitre, ſo is he that ſingeth Songs to a heavy heart.

26. It is no ſhame to be poor: Nature brought us ſo into the World, and ſo we muſt return.

27. Doſt thou want things neceſſary? grumble not, perchance it was neceſſary thou ſhouldeſt want; however, ſeek a lawful remedy; if God bleſs not thy endeavour, do thou bleſs him that knoweth what is fitteſt for thee: Thou art God's Patient, preſcribe not thy Phyſician.

28. Art thou calumniated? examine thy Conſcience; if that be ſpotted, thou haſt a juſt correction; if not guilty, thou haſt a fair inſtruction: Uſe both, ſo ſhalt thou diſtil honey out of gall, and make to thy ſelf a ſecret friend of an open enemy.

29. If thine enemy be hungry give him bread, if thirſty give him drink; thou thereby heapeſt coals of fire upon his head, and a reward unto thy ſelf.

30. Cha-

30. Charity makes God our debtor; for the Poor are his receivers.

31. Haſt thou an Eſtate, and wouldſt increaſe it? divide thy Riches to the Poor; thoſe Seeds that are ſcattered do encreaſe, but hoarded up they die.

32. Correction without inſtruction, makes the Maſter a Tyrant, and the Servant a novice.

33. That man is a Conquerour that can ſubdue his own paſſions.

34. Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kiſſes of an enemy are deceitful.

35. Arm thy ſelf againſt a profeſt enemy; but he that diſſembleth friendſhip ſtrikes beyond a caution, and wounds above a cure: from the one thou mayſt deliver thy ſelf, but from the other Good Lord deliver thee.

36. A man that flattereth his Neighbour, ſpreadeth a Net for his feet.

37. The Touch-ſtone trieth Gold, and Gold trieth men.

38. Virtue muſt be the guide of all Qualities, otherwiſe the Profeſſors are undone.

39. As the ſervants of God are known by their two Vertues, Humility and Charity, ſo the ſervants of the Devil are known by their oppoſite Vices, Pride and Cruelty.

40. The beſt way to keep good acts in memory, is to refreſh them with new.

41. To boaſt is to be vain, ſince the greateſt Conquerour, if he meaſure his own ſhadow, ſhall

ſhall finde it no longer than it was before his victory.

42. Believe not Soothſayers: for Propheſies are never underſtood till they are accompliſhed.

43. The World is a wide Priſon, and every day an execution-day.

44. Our Stomachs are common Sepulchres for Birds, Beaſts, and Fiſh; they all die to feed us: Lord, with how many deaths are our poor lives patched up! How full of death is the life of man!

45. Beware of Drink: where Drunkenneſs reigns, Reaſon is an exile, Vertue a ſtranger, and God an enemy; Blaſphemy is Wit, Oaths are Rhetorick, and Secrets are Proclamations.

46. Whoſoever will arrive at a New life, muſt paſs by the death of the Old.

47. He that is truly humble, never thinks himſelf wronged.

48. The good man lives contented with a moderate Eſtate, not ſo much taking notice of thoſe that have more, as thoſe that have leſs than our ſelves.

49. He that moſt mortifies natural inclinations, receives moſt ſupernatural inſpirations.

50. To ſhun the accidental troubles of this life, is to meditate often upon Eternity.

51. It is the great misfortune of man, to deſire thoſe things which he ſhould only uſe.

52. To have a deſire to be poor, and not to receive

receive the inconveniencies of it, is too great ambition: For it is to desire the honour of Poverty, and the commodity of Wealth.

53. There is no better way to end happily a true spiritual life, than daily to begin it.

54. He that would have a part with Jesus glorified, must first take part with Jesus crucified.

55. We should live in this present World as if our Souls were in Heaven and our Bodies in the Grave.

56. In the death of our Passions consists the life of our Souls.

57. It is not Humility to acknowledge our selves miserable, that onely is not to be a beast; but it is Humility to desire that others should esteem us so.

58. There is no reason to be given for the fault we commit in sin; for the fault would not be sin, if it were not against Reason.

59. Virtues never have their full growth, but when they bring forth desires of advancing; which like spiritual seeds, serve to produce new degrees of Vertues.

60. We should never speak of God, or of things which concern his service, carelesly, by way of discourse, or entertainment, but always with great respect and humble minde.

61. We should fear the Judgement of God without discouragement, and encourage our selves without presumption.

62. The

62. The ready way for the Soul to have peace with it ſelf, is to obtain its peace with God.

63. We may perform many holy actions, yet not pleaſe God, if we neglect to do what he requires of us, no more than a Painter in repreſenting an Eagle, pleaſeth him that deſired a Bee.

64. Let us never look on our Croſſes but through the Croſs of Chriſt; thereby we ſhall finde them pleaſant, and have freſh deſires to be afflicted.

65. Deſire to obtain the love of God, makes us meditate; but that love once obtained, makes us contemplate.

THE

THE TABLE.

A

Angel and Man. A Dialogue	Page 6
On Ambition	9
An Adieu to the World	14
Almoſt a Chriſtian	21
St. Ambroſe's *Hymn*	62
St. Auguſtine's *Hymn*	ibid.
The Aſcenſion	66
An Adoration	ibid.
The Altar	72
The Ant	78
Antiphon	79
Of Angels	82
On Age	94
Acknowledgments	111
Advice to Priſoners	126
St. Auſtin's *Prayer*	134
On Alexander *the Great*	161

B

On the Book (misprinted the Tree) of Life 21
On Beauty 41
The Bible 81
The Beatitudes 82
The Believer 136
Bad at Best 159
On Blasphemy 166
Blessings of the Righteous, as they are recorded in Holy Writ 172

C

The Christian and Worlding 11
On Conscience 24
On Contentation 30
The Christians Alphabet 59
On Christ's Death 60
On Christ's Cross 63
The Cross 65
On Christ 68
Christian and Death 71
The Candle 77
Of Christ's Passion 83
On Christ's Praying 84
On Christ's Nativity 102
Christ's Triumph to Jerusalem 103
Of Christ's Birth in an Inne 104
To the Creator 105
The Caution 112
On the Conscience 133
On Christ's Nativity expected 137
The Call 138

The Check 149
Christ all in all 152
The Careless Christian 154
The Cœlestial Painter 156
To the divine Creator 157
Curses of the Wicked 175

D

On Dives 3
A Dialogue 6
A Dialogue 11
On Death 23
On a Death-bed-Repentance 25
The Dream 39
On Disturb'd Devotion 46
On Death 70
A Dialogue 71
Death, Man, and Grave 73
A Dialogue, in three parts 79
The Dream 81
On the Day of Judgement 91
A Dialogue, in three parts 103
The Divine Inquest 108
Delights of the minde 139
On Death 141
On Darkness 151
Degrees of Love 158
On Drunkenness 165
On Desperation 185

E

On Envy 34
On Enmity 38

The

The Evenings Ejaculation 12
The Extasie 13

F

Of Flesh 7
The Free Prisoner 9
Faith's Mystery 97
On Formal Duty 12
The Flower 150
On Food 152
On Fatherly affection 180
The Free Giver 181
The Friendly Advice 189

G

On a glorious Soul 29
On Gods presence 53
Of God 67
God is Love 69
Of Grief 70
The Grave 76
To God the Father 100
—— *Son* ibid.
—— *Holy Ghost* 101
The Godly Garden 106
On Greatness and Goodness 107
God and Cæsar 114
Gabriel *and* Mary 115
To the God of Heaven 150
Gabriel *and* Zacharias 161
On Worldly Gain 162
Gloria in Altissimis: *or the Angelical Anthem.* 180

On

On the Goſpel 181

H

On the Hypocrite 31
On Humility 50
On Hypocriſie 53
On an Hour-glaſs 56
An Hymn 62
On Honour and Valour 84
On the Holy Trinity 102
On Humane Frailty 124
On Heaven 142
On Hell 143
The Holy Innocents 156

I

On Judas *his Treaſon* 13
On an Iſraelite 26
On Ingratitude 45
An Infant 76
On the Judgment 98
On St. John's *day* 110
Judeth's *Prayer* 115
Judeth *and* Holoſernes 117
Judeth's *Song of Thanksgiving* 119
On Judgment 141
Jeremiah's *Lamentation* 145
On Juſtice and Mercie 151
I would, but cannot 153
Jeſus wept 162

K

On Knowledge 42
Knots 93

L

On Lazarus 4
On Luxury 37
The Litany 85
Of Life 113
On Love and Hatred 151
On Life and Death 154
On the Lord's Prayer 182

M

On Meditation 1
Of Mirth and Mourning 8
Of Mortality 18
On Memory 25
On the Mariner 26
On Magnanimity 44
On Mortality 47
On St. Michael *the Archangel* 87
On Man and Wife 94
On Mans Creation 121
The Mornings Ejaculation ibid.
On Mercy 130
Martha *and* Mary 162

N

Natures Delight 74
The New Birth 157

O

Oppositions 88

P

The Penitents Praise 5
Of Poverty 17
On Patience 19

Of

Of Presumption 22
On St. Peter's *Enlargement* 48
On Prosperity 49
On Pleasures 54
On Perfection 57
On St. Paul's *Conversion* 83
The free Prisoner 95
The Petition 97
On the Pharisee and Publican 99
The Power of Prayer 114
Advice to Prisoners 126
On Peace 129
Prayer for Peace ibid.
The Penitent 131
St. Paul's *Petition* 133
On Pride 145
On St. Peter's *Perjury* 163
On Pusillanimity ibid.
On Persecution 170
Praises to God 176
A Panegyrick to the Right Reverend, and most nobly descended Prelate, Henry, *by divine Providence, Lord Bishop of* London 186

R

On a Rose Tree 59
The Resurrection 65
The Remembrance 69
On Repentance 89

S

The Souls Soliloquy 2
Spiritus Sanctus 10

On Shame 27
On Supplication 35
On Sin and Sorrow 47
The Souls ſearch 48
Salve for the Sick 56
On Sighs and Groans 93
On Sunday 96
The Shepherds Dialogue, in three parts 103
The Souls Alarm 106
The Souls Yearnings 108
The Sinners Tears 110
The Swine 131
The Soul Awaked 132
The Salutation of Saints 144
On Sin 147
The Seeker 155
The Steward ibid.
On the Spring 164
On Science ibid.
The Sick mans Eaſe 167
On Singing of Pſalms 168
On little Sins 169
On Sleep 171
On Sloath 184

T

On the Tree of Knowledge 12
The Thanksgiving 78
On Tinder 84
On Thoughts 88
On the holy Trinity 102
Of Thoughts 105

On Tears 122
Time's Travel 160
On Temperance 170

V

On a Usurer 15
On Vice 52
On Vain-Glory 128
The Voyage 153

W

The Warning 1
On a Wicked man 19
On the Wilful Impenitent 28
The Wish 112
On the Worth of Wealth 125
The Widows Mite 160
On Worldly Gain 162

ERRATA.

PAge 21. for the Tree of Life, read *On the Book of Life.*
p. 68. for--He it is that gives us { Peace,
read
He it is that gives { *us Peace.*
in line 4. observe these points are omitted *J.ES.U.*

To

To my Muse.

Forbear, vain Muſe, thy ſubject is too high;
Thy Soveraign rather, is the Deity;
The God of all the World, whoſe dreadful Name
Strikes an Amazement in whole Natures frame.
God! what a fright the very ſound hath made!
My Soul into a Raviſhment is laid.
I muſt repent my raſhneſs; when that's done,
Let us conſult how thou ſhalt journey on.
Firſt let thy Meditations, milde and meek,
Direct thy Heart to teach thy Tongue to ſpeak;
And from thoſe pious thoughts (my Muſe) diſtil
Thoſe Fragrants may befit an Angels Quill:
Conſider, thou doſt boldly dare t'aſpire
To do the duty of an Holy Quire;
Nay, of a Quire of Angels bleſt, who bring
Joy to themſelves, and Duty to their King.
Then ſince thy Task is great, thy Work ſublime,
Invoke Apollo *to aſſiſt thy Rhyme;*
Call the nine Muſes to inſpire thy heart,
That every one with thee may bear a part:
So to preſerve your duties from decay,
Striving to Love, to Sing, and to Obey.
'Tis not an eaſie or a common thing,
For Peaſants to approach an Earthly King;
Then how much ſtudy is to be acquir'd,
When God, the King of Kings, muſt be admir'd?
Yet thou, preſumptuous Muſe, although confin'd,
Makeſt attempts; I hope becauſe thy mind
Takes a delight in a Poetick Air,
Converting every Poem to a Prayer.
The Task is great, too great for grave Divines;
Angels and Saints beſt ſing Seraphick lines.
Firſt let thy Pen in Helicon *be dipt;*
Soar not too high, becauſe thy Wings are clipt.

PRI-

PRISON-PIETY:
OR,
DIVINE POEMS.

¶ The Warning.

ALl idle thoughts from hence depart:
Let none, but what are pure in heart,
Draw neer; and thoſe tun'd with an Air,
Suppoſing ev'ry page a Prayer.

¶ On Meditation.

IN Meditation let Devotion be
The Hand-maid to the Hearts Soliloquie.
The Eagle caſts her eye upon the Sun,
So Contemplation doth her courſes run,
Fixing the minde upon no Object leſs
Than the bright Beams o'th' Sun of Righteouſneſs.
Or elſe unto thoſe Birds (aſpiring) rare,
The Soul contemplative I may compare,
Of whom King *David* worthily atteſts,
That by the Holy Altar build their Neſts:
So Meditation's ſaid in holy Story,
To build her Neſt about the Throne of Glory.
This Bee of Paradiſe all days and hours
Sucks Honey from the choiceſt Garden-flowers.

By Contemplation I with God can talk;
In Manſions of Eternity can walk.
Then, O my Soul, what mak'ſt thou here below
Where nought but thorns do ſpring, and weeds do grow;
Where nothing thrives but looſe unlawful Tares,
Watered with Tears, and nouriſhed with Cares?
Then mount, my Soul, from this terreſtrial Bubble,
This heap of Sin, and wilderneſs of Trouble:
Mount to the Land of Promiſe, where thy Wings
Shall Conſorts finde of Angels, and of Kings.
Though preſent Habitation
Here is given,
Yet let thy Converſation
Be in Heaven.

The Soul's Soliloquy.

COme, Holy Ghoſt, our Souls inherit
With Beams of thy Cœleſtial Spirit:
Inflame our Hearts, we thee deſire,
With Sparks from thy Cœleſtial Fire.
Thou the anoynting Spirit art,
Who doſt thy Seven-fold gifts impart:
Thy holy Unction from above,
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love.
Enable with perpetual Light
The dulneſs of our blinded Sight:
Cheriſh and cleer our ſoiled face
With the abundance of thy Grace.
Keep far our Foes, give Peace at home;
Where thou art Guard no ill can come:
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee of both to be but one.
That through the Ages all-along,
This may be our endleſs Song:
Praiſe to the Almighty merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

¶ The Enquiry.

TEll me, my Soul, where doth thy paſſion bend?
Doth it on Heaven, or things on earth attend?
If worldly Objects do thy Reaſon guide,
Thou mayſt deſire, but not be ſatisfi'd.
If thou doſt Beauty love, it is a ſhade;
But Righteouſneſs doth ſhine, and never fade.
If worldly Wiſdom, 'tis but as a blaſt;
But heav'nly Wiſdom doth the World outlaſt.
If earthly Riches, they have wings and fly;
But heav'nly Gems do laſt eternally.
Eſtates on earth do as in ſhipwracks reel;
In Heaven's harbour are no thieves to ſteal.
All thou canſt compaſs here, is trifling ſtore;
In Heav'n are Crowns laid up for evermore.
Would'ſt thou have Honour, which the World depaints?
What Honour can be greater than the Saints?
Or is it Pleaſure? 'twill thy Soul deſtroy;
The Juſt ſhall enter in their Maſters joy.
But tell me farther, what is't thou wouldſt have?
Both Heav'n and earth on this ſide of thy Grave?
Away, vain fancies, ye are Vertues moth,
Pitty hath the promiſe of them both.
These luſtful thoughts lead thee to ſplendid folly;
But if thou wouldſt be happy, then be holy.

¶ On *Dives*.

SEe with what ſplendor *Dives* ſits at meat,
With choice of Dainties, courting him to eat.
His Habit Purple, and his Linnen fine,
As if dreſt up on purpoſe here to dine.

How the Spectators look, and ſeem to ſay,
There's too much ſtore provided for one day:
How many wretched Souls do beg for Bread,
Whilſt this ſame Glutton hath his Table ſpread
With all varieties? And thus they ſhow
Their envy: But alas, did they but know,
And well conſider what his wants are, then
They'd pity him, as if the worſt of men.
His Talent's rich: on earth there's none above it;
But he wants Grace and Wiſdom to improve it.
All his Eſtate is but a mighty ſpoil;
He hath a Lamp, but that Lamp hath no Oyl.
He hath a Soul, but what doth that embrace?
Vain worldly Luſts; the oppoſites to Grace.
His Houſe ſhines glorioufly; but when all's done,
He hath the Star-light, but he wants the Sun.
A Friend to Vice, and Vertue's mortal hater;
Having the Creature, but not the Creator.
This world's a Torrent of falſe Joys; the boat
Is his vain life, doth on it dayly float.
His Silver Anchor is as weak as Sand;
Nor can his Gold conduct him ſafe to Land,
But rather ſink him to the Miſers Cell,
There to inhabit where damn'd Spirits dwell.
Can he be worth your envy then? forbear,
Rather in pity ſhed a Chriſtian tear.
If he be happy, May it be thy will,
O Lord, that I be miſerable ſtill.
Give me thy Grace, although I'm clad in Rags;
Let Vice attend the Miſer and his Bags.

¶ On Lazarus.

THe wicked Worldling ſpends his time in laughter,
Having his Heaven here, his Hell hereafter.
Contrarywiſe, the good man whilſt he's here
Lives as in Hell, to ſigh, and ſhed his tear;

But

But when to Heaven he hereafter flies,
God wipes away all tears from off his eyes.
Though here he ſuffer ſcorn, the worlds annoy,
Yet *He that ſows in tears, ſhall reap in joy.*
The Rich man hath his good things in this life,
Lazarus evil things, ſlights, ſcorn, and ſtrife;
But meets at laſt, with what he here doth miſs,
Eternal joy: it is the poor mans bliſs,
Whilſt *Dives* lies, as if with Scorpions ſtung,
Wiſhing for *Lazarus* to cool his tongue;
That *Lazarus* who whilome lay before
The gilded Poſtern of the rich mans door,
Begging ſome mean remainings of his table.
Dives, rapt up in Silks and coſtly Sable,
Glutted with ſumptuous food and choice of wine,
Hath neither time nor ear for them that pine.
The very (kinder) Dogs, in pity, then
Licked his Sores, thereby inſtructing men
To Love and Charity. Obſerve the end;
Angels upon the Begger did attend:
He dies, and they to *Abraham*'s boſom fly,
Leaving him there to all Eternity;
Whilſt *Dives*, ſtriving others to excell
When here, tormented is in flames of Hell.
Thus Worldlings ride in pomp to Hell's hot Neſt,
And Penitents in Tears ſwim to their Reſt.

The Penitents Praiſe.

LOrd, now the time returns
For weary men to reſt,
And lay aſide thoſe pains and cares
Wherewith we are oppreſt.
Or rather change our thoughts
To more concerning cares,
How to redeem our miſ-ſpent time,
With Sighs, and Tears, and Prayers.

How to provide for Heav'n,
That place of Reſt and Peace ;
Where our full Joys ſhall never wain,
Our Pleaſures never ceaſe.
Bleſt be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this ſweet way,
Only to love thee, for thy ſelf,
And for that love obey.
O thou our Souls chief hope,
We to thy mercy fly ;
Wheree're we are thou canſt protect,
Whate're we need ſupply.
Whether we wake or ſleep,
Either to thee is done,
By night we through our eye-lids peep
As if the night were gone.
Whether we live or die,
Both we ſubmit to thee ;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.
Glory to thee, great God,
One Co-eternal three ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Eternal Glory be.

An Angel and Man.

A Dialogue.

Ang. LIſten, Oh Sinner, I ſhall make it plain,
Mankind is wicked, altogether vain.
Nature inſtructs the Bruits to bear in mind
A friendly conſort to each others kind ;
But Man more monſtrous than of bruitiſh hue,
Firſt preys on them, then doth himſelf undo :
Devouring Widows houſes, in his way,
Pretending Piety, ſeems oft to pray.

Will

Will with himſelf and ſins oft-times be vext,
When as his zeal is only a pretext.
Their very Prayers do themſelves condemn.
As Citizens o'th' new Jeruſalem.
They would appear, whenas their chiefeſt care
Should be to crave a Pardon for their Prayer.

Man. What glorious Creature can a tongue rehearſe,
May be compar'd to Man? the Univerſe
Is ſubject to him; all things with applauſe
Pay Homage to him, and obey his laws.
God did not from the Angels nature frame
His own, he took the ſeed of *Abraham.*
Man hath his faults, which cauſeth melancholy;
Even ye Angels, God doth charge with folly.

Ang. Well have ye ſaid, therein we do agree;
For we are charg'd with ſuch vain things as ye:
We are your Guardians, ſo to direct;
Ye ſafely ſleep, we Watchmen do protect.
So great a truth it is, no more but thus,
They are well kept that are ſecur'd by us.
And from the Sacred Writ we cleerly know
That every man makes Vanity his ſhow.
Preferment, Pleaſure, Profit, are the three
That do compleat the Worldlings Trinity.
He dies a ſinner, as when he began
At firſt to live; *So vain a thing is man.*

Man. Well may the Angels feet ne'r ſtep aſide,
When ye have God to be your glorious Guide.
How can ye wander, or how can ye ſtray,
When ye are always in, and with your way?
Your Converſations muſt be void of Strife,
When ye have God your Way, your Truth, & Life.

Ang. Man was created in no leſs degree
Than the bright Image of the Deity:
He above other Creatures well may boaſt,
As he's the Temple of the Holy Ghoſt;
But how hath he that glorious form defac'd,
Defil'd his Maker, and himſelf diſgrac'd;
Retaining principles his Soul bereaves,
Making God's Temple ſeem a Den of Thieves?

How can Ingratitude ſound louder than
Yours to your God ? *So vain a thing is man.*

Man. But if we do repent, and pardon crave,
As God can ſmite, ſo the ſame God can ſave ;
Then bring us Hallelujahs from your Quier,
We'll vie whoſe notes ſhall ſweeteſt be, and higher.

Both { All Glory be to God on High,
And to the Holy Trinity :
As firſt it was, is now, and may,
When fading time ſhall want a day.

Of Mirth and Mourning.

IN midſt of Mirth there ſadneſs is,
And ſo in Grief there's joy ;
Whilſt wealthy ſinners faces ſmile,
Their hearts do feel annoy.
Carnal delights they are but vain,
And bring vexations too ;
They ſound like muſick in a ſtrain,
Whoſe diſcord ends in rue.
Thus to the Senſualiſt they play,
Leſt he prove dull and ſad ;
But when the Reckoning comes to pay,
It makes him downright mad.
So true is that of *Solomon*,
In laughter there is grief ;
The end of mirth is heavineſs,
And Hell the falſe relief.
But he that's truly penitent,
And doth his Tears impart,
They are to Angels ſtraightway ſent,
Rejoycing his own heart.
They are the ſolace of his Soul ;
If bitter they appear,
His comforts then the ſweeter are,
The ſinner's Pearl's a Tear.

His

His Sighs and Groans, if they are deep,
And threaten to deſtroy,
In peace he may lie down and ſleep,
The fuller is his joy.
The beams of Conſolation ſhine
Into this houſe of grief:
His Soul in travel is; at laſt
Sweet Peace is his relief.
So that I truly may conclude,
He that doth mourn for Sin,
Doth weep for Joy; a multitude
Of Pleaſure lies therein.
Thoſe Chriſtal Rivers that do flow
So neer the Heav'nly King,
They their original do owe
Unto a Weeping-ſpring.
One rich drop from a ſolid ſigh
Pure in a Chriſtal-birth,
Is to be priz'd (by far) above
Oceans of carnal Mirth.

On Ambition.

HOnour's inſatiate, never ſatisfi'd;
Nor is the Beggar innocent from Pride.
The Labourer a Yeoman fain would be,
The Yeoman would a Gentleman's degree.
The Gentleman muſt worſhip'd be at Feaſt,
And to that end muſt be a Squire at leaſt.
The ſwaggering Squire muſt needs be dub'd a Knight,
Then aims at Baron, as his Title-right.
The Baron muſt be Lord, to pleaſe his Girl;
If that won't do, he muſt be made an Earl:
That done, Ambition bids him ſtill aſpier;
Marqueſs in Heraldry is one ſtep higher.
The Marqueſs then caſts out his golden Hook
With Caſh and Craft, till he becomes a Duke.

The Duke no arguments can him convince,
But that by merit he ſhould be a Prince.
When Prince, he elevates his ſoaring wing,
Flies to the Throne of a terreſtrial King:
Yet there's no reſt, ſo doth Ambition gull us,
He muſt be *Cæſar*, or he will be *Nullus*.
Cæſar won't make him yet the World's Commander,
Wherefore he muſt be ſtyl'd an *Alexander*.
And *Alexander*, though the whole World's Rod,
Muſt be ador'd and worſhipt as a God.
After his many wonders, even then
He found himſelf to be as other men.
Baſe Pride eclipſes thoſe of high degree;
But before Honour is Humility:
Honour that Furnace which doth heat the blood,
Making men act things but profuſely good.
Swelling Ambition makes a man its ſlave
Till Death's ſharp Dart doth poſt him to his grave.
But how in play firſt came this cheating Sin?
Adam would be a God, ſo it came in.
Other ſins fly from God, and ſhun the chace,
This boldly flies in the Almighty's face.
All that the erring Children have to ſay
Is this; It was our Father led the way.

¶ Spiritus Sanctus.

COme, holy Spirit, come, and breathe
Thy ſpicy Odours on the face
Of our dull Region here beneathe,
And fill our Souls with thy ſweet Grace.
Come, and root out the poyſonous Weeds
That over-run and choak our lives,
And in our hearts plant thine own Seeds,
Whoſe quickning power our Spirit revives.
Firſt plant the humble Violet there
That dwells ſecure by being low,

Then

Then let the Lily next appear,
And make us chaſt, yet fruitful too.
But oh, plant all the Vertues, Lord,
And let the Metaphors alone;
Repeat once more that mighty Word,
Thou needſt but ſay, *Let it be done.*
We can, alas, nor be, nor grow,
Unleſs thy powerful mercy pleaſe;
Thy hand muſt plant and water too,
Thy hand alone muſt give encreaſe.
Do then what thou alone canſt do,
Do what to thee ſo eaſie is,
Conduct us through this World of woe,
And place us ſafe in thine own Bliſs.
All Glory to the Sacred Three,
One Ever-living Soveraign Lord,
As at the firſt, ſtill may he be
Belov'd and prais'd, fear'd and ador'd.

The Chriſtian and a Worldling.

A Dialogue.

Wor. IS it not pleaſant (Chriſtian) to be great?
Chr. 'Tis but a moral cheat.
Wor. Where lies the cheat, when I receive the gold?
Chr. In crying ſins untold.
Wor. Muſt I be wretched 'cauſe I'm growing rich?
Chr. Wealth is oft-times a Witch.
Wor. Amity with the World I never miſt.
Chr. That's enmity with Chriſt.
Wor. I cloath the naked, I the hungry feed.
Chr. Thoſe are good acts indeed.
Wor. My Purſe, for Alms, flows like a Conduit-pipe.
Chr. 'Cauſe ye the Widows gripe.
Wor. I fear my God, and do my Neighbours love.
Chr. That men may well approve.

For

Wor. I relieve thoſe that have in Perils been;
Chr. But only to be ſeen.
Wor. This do I do, what is't I ſhould do more?
Chr. Give all unto the Poor;
Then may thy name be in the Chriſtian-liſt:
And when thou'rt poor, thy treaſure is in Chriſt.

¶ On the Tree of Knowledge.

IN Paradiſe it was this Tree did grow,
Plac'd in the midſt, that man might thereby know
It was the choiceſt Plant; but Satan came,
And with his wiles beguiled *Adam*'s Dame.
Taſte, Woman, eat, quoth he, it doth deſcry
Both Good and Evil; eat and never die,
Forbear and periſh: herein lies the odds,
They that ſhall eat hereof ſhall be as Gods.
Is it not pleaſant? were it underſtood,
You'd eat, and ſay, it is no common Food:
It is an Oyntment for your blinded eyes;
Firſt taſte, then eat, this Fruit will make you wiſe.
Eve, like a ſilly woman, then began
To bite that Bait which Satan caſt for man.
She having eat, the next thing ſhe muſt do,
Is to perſwade her Huſband do ſo too.
Adam forſakes his Innocencie, and
They each perceiv'd that both did naked ſtand;
Then cloath'd themſelves with Fig-leaves, to prevent
Their preſent ſhame, and future puniſhment.
But the great God (whoſe ever-ſeeing eye
Diſcern'd their folly) he was ſtraightway nigh.
Perceiving that they for immediate eaſe
Sought for their ſhelter among other trees;
But God's loud voice ſoon pierc'd the tender bough,
Only with ſaying, *Adam, where art thou?*
Adam as conſcious that he was betraid,
Trembleſt he heard God's voice, and was afraid:

He,

He and his Wife, as two poor naked elves,
In dire diſtreſs, betook to hide themſelves.
Then ſaith the Lord, For what cauſe waſt thou hid?
What, haſt thou eat the fruit which I forbid?
Who told thee thou art naked? let me know.
Adam reply'd, This Woman caus'd my woe:
She whom thou gaveſt me ſaid it was ſweet;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
The Woman likewiſe did her plaint prefer,
Saying the Serpent 'twas deceived her.
Was *Eden*'s Garden barren, was there none
That could invite, but this ſame tree alone?
That fruitful Soyl, whoſe trees with bending curl'd,
And juſtly ſtyl'd her Miſtris of the World,
'Twas there choice dainties made a rich encreaſe,
Paradiſe then was Natures Maſter-piece.
Of all the other trees ſaid God the Lord,
Thou maiſt delight thy ſelf with free accord.
By which it follows with divine atteſt,
That there were more, and who knows which was beſt?
This tree like *Adam*'s ſelf might have been hid.
Its fruit was eat, becauſe it was forbid.
Thus did their diſobedience uſher in
A world of Sorrow, with a world of Sin.
Our God in the beginning did create
Man for himſelf, Woman mans helpful mate:
'Twas then the Serpent firſt contriv'd to ſcan
To make a Woman prove a Wo [to] man.
Adam's caſt out by order of the Lord,
And Cherubs guard the Tree with flaming Sword.

¶ On *Judas* his Treaſon.

WHat monſtrous Devil, or what horrid Hag
Bewitcht his mind, with Blood to fill his Bag?
What pains he took for an eternal ſtrife,
To ſell his Maſter, and the Lord of Life

For

For thirty Pieces, high Ingratitude,
Treaſon ne're wore a guilt could be ſo rude.
He that is covetous doth hug an evil,
Bids God farewel, to entertain the Devil;
Although his mouth be full of Gold, his fate
Is ſuch, he bites at every tempting bait.
Baſe Avarice, the block 'twixt man and bliſs,
Betraying *Judas* with a *Judas*-kiſs;
A falſe deluding gloworm to the blind,
And greateſt canker of the heart and mind:
'Twas that made him betray his righteous Judge,
And do his homage to the vileſt drudge.
A liveleſs piece of earth, was his requeſt,
Made that his God, to ſhrine it in his Cheſt;
Whoſe frantick minde no reaſon could controul,
He ſells for ſilver both his King and Soul.
Mark the effect of hungring after pelf;
Judas repented, then he hang'd himſelf.
Such is the Character of Avarice,
'Tis Vertu's bane, and 'tis the root of Vice.

An Adieu to the World.

BE gone, falſe Joys, ye, and the World are frail,
My Soul's immortal; ye ſhall not prevail
To cheat me of an everlaſting Jewel:
For all your Glories are but menſtrous fuel.
God is Eternal; your bewitching Charms
Are meerly vain, more vain than falſe Alarms.
Heaven is my Home, the World is but my Inn,
Stufft up with Straw, with Rubbiſh, Dung, and Sin.
Your Gold, your Silver, and your Diamonds are
But Droſs; Heaven's Bleſſings are beyond compare.
Here ye have Land, erect your Caſtles high,
But there are Manſions for eternity.
Your poor deluding Pleaſures ſoon are o're,
But there are Pleaſures laſt for evermore.

Here

Here Pride and Envy in ſwift motion move,
But there the Angels dayly ſing and love.
Here live rich Fools that glut themſelves to Hell,
But there lives none but doth your beſt excel.
God is my Portion, let Earth hallow thee;
Mercy and Goodneſs both ſhall follow me:
And whilſt the Worldling doth in Torments cry,
Glory attends the Righteous when they die.
Heaven's tranſcendent Joys are firm and true,
There lies my Aim; farewel, fond World, adieu.

On a Uſurer.

'Tis not the Uſurer that gives relief,
But rather robs the Spittle, plays the thief
With priviledge; whilſt others do abhor it,
He boldly dares to plead a Statute for it.
Tell him of Godlineſs, you talk in vain;
For it is Gold, is both his God and gain.
Six in the Hundred from the meaner Tribes,
Continuation-money, other Bribes
Which he extorts, do make his bags ſwell o'r,
And keeps the Borrower continual poor.
Gregory Nyſſen of him thus reports,
He's like a falſe Phyſician who exhorts
His feaveriſh Patient take for his relief
Cold Water, which doth much augment his grief.
So Money lent on Uſury, doth ſeem
Relief, but in concluſion proves a Dream;
And as cold Water gives ſome preſent eaſe,
But the Effect prolongeth the Diſeaſe.
He follows Debtors, as the Eagles train
An Army, preying upon thoſe are ſlain:
And men flock to him, when they ſeem forlorn,
As birds do gather to an heap of Corn;
For they deſire, and ſtrive their Food to get,
'Till they're entrapt within the Fowler's Net.

Idle-

Idleneſs is his Darling, Spouſe, his Wife;
He lives at eaſe a ſedentary life.
His Pen's his Plow, and Parchment is his Field,
Ink is his Seed, and Time his Crop doth yield.
He's ſo hem'd in where'er he caſts his eye,
He dayly views Objects of Charity:
But ſtudy'ng then to feather his own Neſt,
Minds them of Principal and Intereſt.
To over-reach he bends his utmoſt ſtrength,
And like the Butler's box ſweeps all at length,
Agis th' *Athenian* General ſet fire
On all the Books and Bonds, for love or hire
He could procure, by thoſe that did adhere
To finde them our, as goods of Uſurer:
On which *Ageſilaus* was wont to ſay,
The Market ne're had fairer Market day.
And *Ariſtotle* did this ſort decry
As Harpies, ſtrangers unto Unity.
This biting Uſurer, or Man-eater, he
Is like the Shark that ſwimmeth in the Sea,
Devouring leſſer Fiſh: So Oſtrich right,
All Metals ſute this Monſters appetite.
St. *Matthew* teacheth us in words but few,
Do as you would have others do to you:
Be kinde to the unthankful and the evil;
God's children ſcorn to imitate the Devil.
Nor will this Doctrine reach a Miſer's ſcull,
Be merciful, as God is merciful.
St. *Paul* moſt piouſly adviſeth thus,
In converſation be not covetous.
Thus Uſury, throughout the Holy Writ,
Is held a hainous crime, and thought unfit
For Chriſtian practice. Wealth could never buy
One little moment of Eternity.
It was *Alphonſus* ſaying, All ſuch gain
Makes a Sepulchre for the Soul: In vain
Let Uſurers God's Tabernacle hope,
That give their Conſcience ſuch a wretched ſcope.
Charity's kinde, helps to keep all things even,
But Uſury excludes the Soul from Heaven.

¶ Of

¶ Of Poverty.

NO ſtony Walls can make a Jayl,
Though Iron-bars do it ſurround ;
Confinement cannot make him vayl,
That with Contentments doth abound.
Men are Trees of one ſpacious Grove :
The greateſt men do ſeem the talleſt ;
But Grace makes little Trees improve,
Sweet ſavour lies in thoſe are ſmalleſt.
A poor man may be Godly-wiſe,
And ſin may make a rich man poor :
The ſilent Lamb's the Sacrifice,
Whi'ſt Lions proudly live and roar.
The Dove, that Bird of Innocence,
Before the ſoaring Eagle's choſe,
That we may juſtly learn from thence,
Humility to Heaven goes.
Lazarus poor, diſeaſed lay
In miſery, Earth was his Hell ;
Yet he to *Abram* found the way,
And *Dives* went in flames to dwell.
The rich man's title and his name
To learn, men con them o're and o're ;
But they more glory have, leſs ſhame,
That ſtudy to relieve the Poor.
He that at preſent lives in ſtate,
Above the reach of worldly wrong,
May in another world relate
He wants a drop to cool his tongue.
The Poor are pious Uſurers ;
For having loſt their earthly leaven,
Their God, with Intereſt, confers
Glorious rewards on them in Heaven.
Rich men delight to count their Gold,
'Tis paſtime for their minde and eye :
Content is happineſs (in hold)
Such pleaſure is in Poverty.

¶ On Mortality.

WHen a rich Worldling dies, firſt queſtion is,
How Rich he di'd; not, is he gone to Bliſs?
Many make anſwer, or in love or hate,
Rich, very Rich, he left a good Eſtate;
Not well conſidering 'tſhould be underſtood
Many Eſtates are greater far than good.
Alas, poor man, his eyes are clos'd with ſleep,
And his Inheritors rejoyce, not weep.
He by Oppreſſion heapt up ill-got Wealth,
And they carouze it to their Ladies health.
Perhaps when living he undid ſo many,
He ſcarce hath Tear, ſo much as Sigh from any.
The Poor, inſtead of Prayers (ſo much the worſe)
Attend his Corps with Clamours, and a Curſe.
What fruit hath man in all theſe things? his breath
Is ſpent, his labour too concludes in death:
His Mamon fails him, all his ſtores ſo great
Will witneſs 'gainſt him at the Judgment-ſeat.
He leaves to others Principal and Uſe,
But that which follows him is the abuſe.
He caſts about to compaſs his by-ends,
Himſelf to ruine to inrich his friends:
So that each bag might make this Motto good,
If fixt thereon, *This is the price of Blood.*
Hark then, my Soul, beſtow thy fortunes hoard,
Upon the Members of thy bleſſed Lord.
Give whilſt thou liv'ſt, 'tis ſafe to do ſo; for
Thine eye is then thine own executor.
The Poor will praiſe thee in ſome pious Ditty,
And that may help, for Prayer can ſave a City.

¶ On

On a Wicked man.

LOrd, what a creature is a wicked man!
His life is miſerable, though a ſpan:
All his Religion is in outward forms;
His Dainties, Meat, and Manna, turns to Worms.
The Mercies daily that adorn his table
Do prove his Poyſon, make him miſerable.
If his Eſtate be large, it doth annoy,
His dangers keeping what he can't enjoy:
Or if he doth enjoy, he ſo doth uſe it,
That the enjoyment is but to abuſe it.
Luxury leaves him no time to repent,
But lulls him to eternal puniſhment.
The pleaſures of this world do paſs away,
But pains and helliſh horrours laſt for aye.
Lord help me then thy mercies to improve;
He is ingrateful gives not Love for Love.

On P[illegible]nce.

THe patient man is of a metal made
Not hard, but flexible: He's overlaid
With heavy burthens, which do try his ſkill,
Making Affections equal to his Will:
All which he bears rather than feed a feud,
Not out of cowardize, but fortitude.
He by his yielding doth his foes condemn;
Rides Conqueror both of himſelf and them.
He above Nature is; and ſo prolongs
His Cognizance, that he doth tire his wrongs.
To receive injuries that dayly fall,
Pronounceth him more than Heroical.

He

He God's beſt witneſs is; and when he ſtands
Before the Bar for truth, his word commands:
He hears his unjuſt, and with fate
His Innocence dares to expoſtulate.
His Jaylors that attend him to the Sages,
Are not his Guard ſo fitly as his Pages.
His earthly Dungeon is an heavenly Vault;
Vertu's his crime, and Patience his fault.
His Rack or Wheel, are the aſcending ſtayers
That reach to Glory, all adorn'd with Prayers.
Good Laws are his protection, not his ends;
Minds not revenge, but loves both foes and friends.
If croſſes do afflict, he doth ſubmit,
And is content, 'cauſe Heaven thinks it fit.
He turns an evil into good: 'tis he
Can make a Vertue of neceſſitie.
An eaſie enemy, a certain friend,
To injuries can bow and condeſcend.
Than others, far more happy, he applies
A ſatisfaction to his miſeries.
He that can keep his angry ſpirit down,
Is better far than he that takes a Town.

Patience is the Priſoner's Walk,
Patience is the Dumb man's Talk.
Patience is the Lame man's Thighs,
Patience is the Blind man's eyes.
Patience is the Poor man's Ditty,
Patience is the Exiles City.
Patience, the Sick man's bed of Down,
Patience is the Wiſe man's Crown.
Patience is the Live man's Story,
Patience is the Dead man's Glory.

When your Troubles do controul,
In your Patience keep your Soul.

¶ On the Tree of Life.

HArk, O my Soul, to 'cape th'infernal Pit,
Know if thy name i'th' book of Life be writ:
And for a certainty the ſame to finde,
Read o'r thy Conſcience, and peruſe thy minde.
Think not of Heaven's Roll to have a view;
Examine thine own Heart, 'twill tell thee true:
For in the Conſcience of a Saint doth lie
An Holy Record of Eternitie.
If in thy Conſcience thou haſt writ God's Word,
Be ſure the Book of Life doth thee record.
When at the day of Judgment God ſhall look
Into his Regiſter, and when the Book
Of Conſcience lieth open, then indeed
The Saint and Sinner both may trembling read.
Wherefore, my Soul, ſo govern hand and pen;
Write now, as not to fear to read it then.

On *Acts* 26. 28.

¶ Almoſt a Chriſtian.

LEarning well manag'd make the Graces glad;
But if abus'd, the learned man grows mad,
And makes his Learning, as an Hand-maid, fit
To wait on the profa'neſs of his Wit:
But Piety and Parts when they agree,
Learning then makes an heavenly harmony.
So did St. *Paul*'s, that pious Priſoner; for
He was at once a Slave and Orator:
Witneſs his pithy, and his quaint reſponds
To King *Agrippa*; King, except theſe Bonds

I wiſh not only thou, but all hereby,
Were both almoſt, and wholly ſuch as I;
Not half a Chriſtian, but to bear thoſe Arms
Of Faith that may repel the Devil's charms.
An altogether Chriſtian's not deprav'd;
Almoſt a Chriſtian ſhall almoſt be ſav'd.

¶ Of Preſumption.

IF thou'rt a diſputant, or proudly wiſe,
If ignorant, yet ſeemingly preciſe,
Beware of being buſie with God's Word,
To dive into the Secrets of the Lord.
His Cloſet is his own, and wo to they
Shall pick the lock, when God doth keep the key.
Then be not over-buſie; he that will
Be ſifting every Cloud to try his ſkill,
For his preſumption he may have the luck,
For daring boldly, to be Thunder-ſtruck.
He that will be familiarly bold
With Heavens myſteries, them to unfold,
May with his judgment overwhelmed be,
As *Adam* was with his unhappy Tree.
The *Bethſemites* muſt pry into the Ark;
God's Judgment was ſerene, though theirs was dark.
For their preſumption this became their gain,
They by the Lord had Fifty thouſand ſlain.
Then hover not about this flame which brings
Soul-fatal falls, by ſcorching of its wings:
I will improve by what we have reveal'd,
Not ſtrive to know what God would have conceal'd.
Lord, to preſerve me from the Devil's gins,
Keep back thy ſervant from preſumptuous ſins.

¶ On

On Death.

SInce nothing is ſo certain as our death,
And nothing more uncertain than when breath
Expires, we ought each minute to prepare:
Death ſends no Summons, but comes unaware.
The grand decry is paſt; diſpute not why
All men have ſinned, and all men muſt die.
Man's days are numbred, he can finde no aid;
'Tis God hath man upon the balance laid,
And found him wanting. God's all-ſearching eye
Hath thus determin'd, men are Vanity.
Corruption is man's father, and the Worms
His ſiſters, they have their corrupt conforms.
The Grave it is his Bed, the Sheet his Shrine,
The Earth his Cover, Graſs his Carpet fine.
At laſt Death comes, and he concludes the Theam,
Finds man aſleep, and darts him in his Dream.
Such is our ſluggiſh life, a ſhadow, frail,
A bubble, vapour, and a trifling tale:
So vain a ſtory, that when we grow old
We ſpend our days before the tale is told.
The World's of contraries a vaſt compound,
Nothing within it ſolid is, or ſound.
Four Elements in oppoſition move
Each to the other. The degrees of Love
Cannot be found in a confuſed heap;
'Tis Heaven doth that holy Order keep.
Death gives our earthly bodies a new caſt,
'Refines us, that we may prove cleer at laſt.
What is corrupt, within the grave muſt lie,
Till *Mortal puts on Immortality.*
No mans corruption can be laid aſide,
Until his body in the Earth abide.
He chiefly 'tis that is afeard to die,
Hath little hope of an Eternity.

The

The time we have to live, it is but ſmall,
Leſs than a point that's Geometrical.
Our common Enemy doth promiſe fair
This world, to cheat us of a world more rare:
Our pleaſures do deceitfully entangle,
Smiling ev'n then, when they intend to ſtrangle.
The world is kindeſt when it moſt doth frown,
And honours liſt us up to caſt us down.
The Chriſtian then ſhould ready be to cry,
When God ſhall call, *Behold, Lord, here am I.*
For they of their Salvation never miſt,
Have been partakers of the death of Chriſt.
God on the Righteous alway hath an eye;
His ear is ever open to their cry:
And he that doth a righteous man regard,
He ſhall receive a righteous man's reward.
Be truly zealous, ſhew no vain pretext,
But live each hour as if to die the next.

¶ On Conſcience.

THe Conſcience is a Function of the Minde,
A Guide to Straglers, to the Lame, and Blinde.
Over the Will the Conſcience ſits commanding,
And is a Guardian to the Underſtanding:
For what the Pen of Nature doth engrave
Upon that general Knowledge which we have,
Or to our Thoughts, our Minds, or to our Acts,
Conſcience applies, and ſummons up our Facts.
Paul our Example was of Innocence,
Having a Conſcience void of all offence
Both towards God, and towards men, ſo cleer,
That his own Conſcience was his Overſeer.
Chriſtian, unto thy Conſcience have an eye,
Leſt Conſcience doth accuſe, for that's a ſpie.

¶ On

¶ On Memory.

MEmory is the Store-houſe of the Soul ;
The Will's Dictator ; Underſtanding's Scroul.
There we hoard up the treaſures of our Minde,
And fetch them out as we occaſion finde.
But well it may with filthy Ponds compare,
Wherein fiſh die, but frogs are nouriſh'd there.
So we retain traſh that doth ſowre and rot,
Whilſt admirable mercies are forgot.
Thus we that ſhould be Temples of God's praiſe,
Are Graves to bury what his love diſplays.
All Injuries moſt men to Marble truſt,
But Courteſies are written in the Duſt.
What's bad they can ſufficiently retain,
But what is good is idle thought, and vain.
Like Nets, our Memories let clear waters go,
And nothing catch but ſticks and weeds of Wo :
Or elſe like Sieves (ſo raſhly are we born)
That do retain the Chaff, let go the Corn.
But like an holy Ark the Soul ſhould be,
And as the pot of Manna, Memorie.
Our faculties herein need no excuſe,
Preſerving holy Truths for holy uſe.

¶ On a Death-bed-Repentance.

THis Speech, though ſad, it did a King ſurvive ;
I now muſt die, e're I begin to live.
And ſuch is the condition of that man
That dies e're his Repentance is began ;
That wants his weapons, can for none implore ;
For why ? Behold, Death knocketh at his door.

What ſignifie Petitions of a Heart
That trembling lies when Death preſents his Dart?
Unhappy certainly muſt be their Dooms
Have Oyl to ſeek juſt when the Bridegroom comes.
Death and the Devil do their Souls purſue,
And they no refuge have to fly unto.
The ſeven years of Plenty all are gone,
And years of Famine are not thought upon.
Time that is ſwift hath took his nimble flight;
Travel doth tire, yet we want reſt at night:
I'll therefore finiſh every Work I have,
So ſhall I go with Peace unto my Grave.

¶ On the Mariner.

THe Mariner that's drove by *Boreas* breath,
Doth ſail within four inches of his death.
So of the Soul the ſaying may be true,
That e're it bids its Cabinet adieu,
Four inches is the moſt that it doth keep
Betwixt its life and an eternal ſleep.
If the Ship ſplits, or by a fire doth ſhrink,
The Ship is ſwallow'd, and the Sailers ſink.
So if our earthly Veſſels break, the Soul
Doth to another Habitation roul,
For ever plung'd into a boundleſs Sea,
The bankleſs Ocean of Eternity.
The Soul ſhould therefore careful be, and ſtrive
To ſwim, before it come to ſink or dive.

¶ On an *Iſraelite.*

AS the Tree falls, ſo doth it lie;
And when Death ſtrikes, all men muſt die:

Only herein the difference is,
God gives us misery or bliss.
As in the Red Sea, if I go
An *Israelite*, though waters flow,
In triumph I shall tell my story,
And land rejoycing, full of Glory,
While all mine Enemies lie spread
Upon the shore, and each one dead:
But if *Egyptian*-like I croud,
And be on this side of the Cloud,
On this side of the Covenant,
And yet run hardned in (for want
Of Grace) amongst proud *Pharaoh*'s Troops,
The Sea shall open all her Poops:
And e're I finde my Journeys length,
Justice shall swallow me with strength;
An Inundation shall destroy
My Soul, and drown my future Joy.
O Lord, then by thy powerful might,
Make me thine own, an *Israelite*.

On Shame.

THe age is impudent in which we live;
Men seem asham'd to be asham'd of blame;
And to their Errours such a licence give,
That they delight to glory in their shame.
They have a specious Cloak for each offence,
And study how to palliate their Vice.
The Covetous hath Husbandry's pretence;
The Prodigal is free, perhaps at Dice.
The Lecher shrouds his sin i'th' mask of Love;
The Drunkard to good fellowship pretends;
The Cheat doth for his Family improve
Ill-gotten goods; each have their private ends.
They blush not at the fact, yet will not own
The Title; by the which we may conclude
The sense of shame, when to perfection grown,
Restrains from sins, can hide a multitude.

But he that is this apprehenſion paſt,
Lets looſe the Reins of his ſuborned will,
Goes hand in hand with Satan, till at laſt
Madneſs and Miſchief are his joy and ſkill.
The World ſays to him, Take thy pleaſure, ſwim
In Luſt and Liquor: Heart, the Minde, and Eye
Are lively, merry, careleſs, and ſo trim,
He doth not care though God's his enemie.
Fools ſhew their folly as it ſutes their name,
But prudent men will be aſham'd of Shame.

¶ On the Wilful Impenitent.

TEll me, fond Worldling, why doſt thou deride
A godly Chriſtian? Is't thy natures pride?
Doſt thou not dayly ſee his weeping eye
Shed Tears to wake thy ſleeping Lethargie?
See how he trembles at the ſight of ſin!
Whilſt thou, lewd actor, longeſt to begin;
And look'ſt on him as puſillanimous,
A Coward, or a Drone. I tell thee, thus
Thou'rt raſhly valiant, and doſt ſpend thy breath
On Toys, whilſt he dare boldly look on Death.
He's truly noble; and when he appears,
Is not appall'd before the King of Fears.
Heav'n is his harbour, Grace doth moſt delight him;
Hell's horrours may appear, but not affright him:
But as a Conqueror over Death and Hell,
Can with his Smiles all their Bravadoes quell;
And with a chearful heart this Ditty ſing,
As if in ſcorn, *O, Death, where is thy ſting?*
Or like a Cherubim that flies on high,
Can ſay, *O, Hell, where is thy victory?*
This is the Valediction of a Saint,
Whilſt Sinners toyl, and in their labours faint.
Where is the Worldling's glory? He can ſin,
Can vitious be, and he can boaſt therein:

Can ſilence Conſcience, and outface a Crime,
And ſhun a bluſh to damn his Soul betime.
That man a Coward is, and fights by ſtealth;
For if a ſickneſs doth impair his health,
He then believes Death doth a ſummons beat,
And his large Spirit ſneaks to a retreat.
Doth he not tremble when he once hath got
A ſhaking Ague, or a Feaver hot?
And when he feels the heavy hand of Fate,
He begs for quarter, though it be too late.
What heavineſs then ſits upon his look?
Terrour appears, Conſcience unfolds its book,
Charges him to conſider well and read;
And juſt as he begins, Death ſtrikes him dead.
A true Repentance cannot be too late;
Early Repentance is a bleſſed ſtate.
Thus doth a ſinner to Perdition fall,
And that which was his Throne, becomes his Thrall.

¶ On a Glorious Soul.

WHenas the Moon her conſtant courſe hath run,
And draws to a Conjunction with the Sun,
It to the Heavens ſhines more bright and pure,
And towards Earth ſeemeth the more obſcure.
So, as the Soul draws neer, as like a Spouſe,
Shines fair to Chriſt, is to the World a Blouſe.
He that is pretious unto God, that man
Is by the World eſteem'd a Puritan:
And he whoſe Soul in Glory doth inherit,
Appears but odious to an earthly Spirit.
For he that looks with a Terreſtrial ſight,
Is Luſtre-dazled with Cœleſtial light.
Shine fair to God if thou'lt to Heaven go;
Beauty on earth is a beclouded ſhow.

On Contentation.

Cyneas aſking *Pyrrhus* his intent,
What he would do after his hazard ſpent
In many Victories, *Pyrrhus* did reply,
He'd take his eaſe, and then live merrily.
To whom *Cyneas*, That you might have done
Before, were you contented with your own.
'Tis not the largeneſs of a Cage doth bring
Notes to the Bird, inſtructing him to ſing.
Moreover, though a Bird hath little eye,
Yet he hath wings by which he ſoars on high,
Can ſee far wider, and abundance better
Than may an Ox, although his eye be greater.
'Tis not the great Eſtate that brings Content,
But Piety, the Chriſtian's Ornament.
The Righteous having little, no promotion ;
Yet what he hath, when joyned with Devotion,
May feel more comfort, more enjoy God's bounty
Than he whoſe Incomes may command a County.
But few can be content with what they have ;
He that hath hundreds, ſtill for more doth crave :
If his Poſſeſſions be in Houſes, Land,
He graſps at more, and with a ready hand
Omits no miſchief that his Craft can nurſe,
To fill his Coffer, or enlarge his Purſe.
The greateſt thing in little compaſs can
Be comprehended, is Content in man.
And this great Vertue hath its ſafe abode
Only in him that is a Childe of God ;
Who ſees, and to his brethren cries, Content ye,
Enough's a feaſt, and Piety hath plentie.
As when a Traveller comes to his Inn,
He for a Lodging-room does firſt begin
T'enquire ; but if he cannot pleaſe his minde,
He is content with ſuch as he ſhall finde,

Although perhaps his Room may not delight,
Well knowing that it is but for a night:
So is it with the Chriſtian Pilgrim; he
Can uſe a large Eſtate, if it ſhould be
God's will to bleſs him with it, yet his mind
To Heaven's pleaſure alway is confin'd.
A little of the Creatures will aſſwage
Hunger and Thirſt in Chriſtian Pilgrimage:
For let his Journeying be ſweet or rough,
He knows his Father's houſe hath bread enough;
Therefore as ſweetly feeds, in going home,
As *Sampſon* did upon his Honey-comb.
Let no man's mind on Earthly things be bent;
But *Having food and rayment, be content.*

¶ On the Hypocrite.

THe Hypocrite of Actors is the worſt,
His own pretences making him accurſt.
By ſo much as he acts the better part,
And *Janus*-like with double face and heart,
He can compoſe his forehead to be grave,
Although his heart be then his humours ſlave.
His modeſt face doth ſhew the Characters
Of Juſtice and Religion; nor forbears
His tongue and geſtures ſo much to proclaim;
But heart and hands, they do recant the ſame.
When to the Church he comes, he there ſalutes
One of the Pillars, and on knee confutes
The Atheiſt, worſhiping that God, in part,
Whoſe Precepts never could affect his heart.
He riſes, looks about, and takes his ſeat;
Complains that Charity is not ſo great
As he could wiſh, or heretofore hath been.
Perhaps beſtows an Alms; but to be ſeen,
Always ſits where he may embrace the look
Of all Spectators: And his Table-book,

In Sermon-time comes from beneath his coat,
As ſeeming fearful he ſhould looſe that Note.
Then takes his Bible, hums to rear his voice,
And turns to ſome Quoration with a noiſe:
Then doubles down the leaf, as if the ſame
Were found; and loudly aſks the Preacher's name:
And that his Zeal may fervently appear,
Repeats it, that the ſtanders by may hear.
He can command his Tears, reckon up ſins
With deteſtation; but when he begins
He never thinks, with a true pious wrath,
How many darling-ſins his boſom hath:
Nor Alms, nor Prayers ne're fall, unleſs he ſpy,
Although at diſtance, certain witneſs by;
As if he doubted whether God would own
Receiving them: and is ſo wary grown,
That leſt the World ſhould not diſcern his worth,
His mouth's the Trumpet that doth ſound it forth.
And when his Bags run o're, bethinks to build
An Hoſpital; and that is ſtraightway fill'd
With perſons indigent, did aged grow,
Poor as when born; for he had made them ſo.
With fleſh on Frydays he will not be fed,
He more abhors it than his Neighbours bed.
Will at the Name of Jeſus bow, or nod,
At Church; anon at Tavern ſwear by God
When his Step-mother's ſick, and ſeems to creep
Towards her Grave, he then brings Tears to weep:
When he hath cauſe to fear ſhe will not die,
He forces a rejoycing-ſympathie
With her beſt friends. 'Tis hard to rightly paint
An Hypocrite. To ſtrangers he's a Saint;
A meer pretender to the Poors relief;
Private Extortioner; his Neighbours grief;
The blot of goodneſs; ſcoff in good mens ſight;
A rotten Stick to truſt in dark of night;
A Candle temper'd ill, with a large ſnuff;
The Poor man's Plague, and a religious Huff;
The Fool's great Idol, and the Wiſe man's ſcorn;
A choaking Poppy in a field of Corn:

A-

Abroad an Angel, free from leaſt of evil;
At home none more implacable, a Devil:
And when an Angel worſe, a guide amiſs;
But when a Devil, ſhews but what he is.
As the Apoſtle's Phraſe is, many men
Are ſervants of the eyes; for they ſhall, when
They are beheld, act Vertue with a grace,
And in their Zeal run with a thorow pace:
When they perceive Spectators all are gone,
They change their habits, for the Play is done.
They curious Searchers are in others acts,
Careleſs Correctors of their own foul facts.
They to their Luſt and Lewdneſs are ſo prone,
They think they're ſafe, becauſe eſpi'd by none.
Thus an ill nature leadeth man to ſin,
And corrupt cuſtom bids him 'bide therein.
When carnal Conſtitutions get a head,
They, like Commanders, do weak mortals lead:
But for the Hypocrite, he ſeems a friend
Will promiſe much, but, not without an end,
Nothing perform; but many he hath broke,
Receiving ſubſtance, but returning ſmoke.
And he whoſe quality is eminent,
More foul's the quality of his intent.
Acts that diſhonourable are, lock great
In them, by blood or parts, have Honours ſeat.
The Publican and Sinner have more right
To Heaven's Manſions than an Hypocrite.
I with Prolixity might ſpoil my Pen,
For he's in verity the ſcum of men.
The worſt of damned Souls their portion have
With him in hot and horrid ſcorching Cave.
There leave we him and his tormented bone
Meaſuring minutes with deep ſighs and groan

On Envy.

ALl luſts reduced are to Three-fold heads,
Luſt of the eyes, the fleſh, and that which leads
To as much Vice and a continual Strife,
The haughty humour, or *the pride of life.*
But Envy is the chiefeſt luſt of eyes;
Seeing another good, with him it vies,
Not to be farther good; his envy grew,
Seeing good men belov'd and honour'd too.
Envy thinks all men made of equal ſtuff:
Why may not envious men be good enough?
It for the Innocent defends a Cauſe
To ſeem a Saint, and to procure applauſe:
But 'tis a Plague within a man's own breſt,
And a Diſeaſe will not admit of Reſt.
If ſuch a thing as Admiration be,
It's heart doth whiſper, That belongs to me.
It is a furious wind, which to rehearſe,
Sometimes breaks forth to ſhake the Univerſe.
A ſharp Malignity, moſt quick of ſight;
An Oſtrich with an eager appetite.
Cheriſh a Dog, and you may make him tame;
Lions by gentleneſs become the ſame:
But man grown envious, if you ſpeak him fair,
Yet keep at diſtance, of his wiles beware:
For if he ſees you creep, then he proves worſe,
May ſmile upon you when his heart doth curſe.
If the World's frowns do force you to comply,
He gluts himſelf with your adverſity;
And Beetle-like, as I have heard it ſung,
When hungry grown, doth eat its fellows dung.
Whilſt Envy doth obliquely look upon
The good of others, all his own is gone:
Or at the leaſt takes no delight; the ſmart
Is like a Vulture feeding on the heart.

The

The Baſiliſk by nature kills all Trees
And Shrubs it breatheth on; and when he p'eaſe
Doth ſcorch and burn all Herbs, and Leaves of Graſs
Over the which his body chance to paſs.
So Envy is an *Ætna* in a man,
(Like the *Cantharides*) if feeding can
Encompaſs as its ſtomach doth diſpoſe;
And often diets on the faireſt Roſe.
It is a Paſſion doth ones Health deſer,
And proves at laſt a man's Self-murtherer.
'Tis Couzen-German to the ſin of Pride,
And each may well be call'd a Homicide.
Wrath kills the fooliſh man, when in his way
The envious man the ſilly Soul doth ſlay.
The eye, alas, is the unhappy pit
That firſt doth this deſtructive gueſt admit:
And when it gets a full poſſeſſion once,
It ſhrinks the Nerves, and rots into the bones:
Till with Conſumption it doth man environ,
Feeding on him as Ruſt doth feed on Iron.
Envy believes its will ſhould be its law:
Socrates ſaith, 'Tis to the Soul a Saw;
Grates without mercy when it doth behold
Its droſs, and ſees another ſhine in gold.
Like the poor Fly, to put the Candle out,
Doth burn it ſelf with buzzing round about.
Or like the Bee, that with a humming flies,
Looſes his ſting, and then at once he dies.
Or Viper-like, to make a *Paul* expire,
Leaping on him, is caſt into the fire.
Envy's a Canker in the Heart and Minde,
Spleen to the good; Great *Charity is kinde.*

¶ On Supplication.

AS in a Ship when ſailing from its Port,
The Sails are hoiſed, thereby to exhort

Some

Some ſkilful Mariner to ſhew his art,
Who preſently doth to the Rudder ſtart.
So every morning when we riſe from reſt,
Our hearts ſhould ſtudy for a juſt Requeſt:
For that's the Rudder of our life and age,
To guide us through our Earthly Pilgrimage.
Heav'n is our home, and God alone; to him
Through Rivers of our Tears we ought to ſwim:
For when God's wrath is kindled to a fire,
No other water can allay his ire.
Chriſtians no better Meſſengers can ſend
Than Prayers and Tears, Angels on them attend.
Moſes by Prayer, that prevailing Word,
Harm'd *Amalek* much more than *Iſrael*'s Sword.
Th'Apoſtle *Paul* this golden Rule hath laid,
Let ſupplications for all men be made:
In which great duty let this be obſerv'd,
Firſt a due preparation, not with carv'd
Or ſtarch'd Expreſſions made by Wit and Art;
God doth deſire truth in the inward part.
Conſider, thou the Supplicant art duſt,
A vile and ſinful man, a heap of Luſt.
The Lord, to whom thou doſt thy Prayers apply,
Is Holy, Wiſe, of Sacred Majeſty.
Let Meditation guide thee in thy way,
Leſt thy frail minde diſtracted be, and ſtray.
Pray for things lawful, don't that bound exceed;
For God, before ye aſk, knows what ye need:
But ſilence in the Soul he doth abhor;
Mercies are ſmall, if not worth aſking for.
Pray not for Mercies as thy fancy drives,
As little Children do for Toys and Knives,
Who when they have them know not how they're us'd;
Mercies are better wanted than abus'd.
Make Supplications in the Name of Chriſt;
Thou mayſt be good, yet ſhew not merits liſt.
Examine well thine heart, keep Faith therein,
For whatſoever's not of faith, is ſin.
Be conſtant, that thou mayſt abide the touch;
For fervent righteous prayer availeth much.

Birds

Birds without motion cannot fly i'th' Air,
Nor without work can we perſiſt in Prayer.
Pray in Humility, and nothing fear;
The poor man cryed, and the Lord did hear.
In Supplications be importunate;
Pray perſeveringly; and in that ſtate
So guide thy thoughts, and ſo thy heart prepare,
As if thy life were one continual Prayer.
All our Iniquities we muſt forbear;
In vain we pray, when God ſhall ſtop his ear.

On Luxury.

Seneca ſpeaks of ſome (of tender years
Suppos'd) that hang'd their Lordſhips at their ears.
And in our time, Gallants, to their diſgrace,
Convert their Lands to Feathers and to Lace;
Waſting their Rents to purchaſe Silks and Stuffs,
Mortgaging Mannours to procure them Muffs.
This they have left, when all things elſe are gone;
Air for their breath, and Earth to tread upon.
Apicius in his Kitchin did expend
Two millions of Gold; and in the end,
Having devour'd ſo much, begins to think
What might remain of his huge maſs of Chink:
Finding Two hundred thouſand crowns, no more,
He then concluded he was waxing poor:
Too little 'twas his humour to ſuffice,
Wherefore he poyſon drinks, and ſo he dies.
Thus our Eſtates, though large, in vain are ſpent,
When the main thing is wanting; that's Content.
The Glutton *Philoxenus* did inveigh
Againſt Dame Nature, and for what, I pray?
It was becauſe his neck was made ſo ſhort,
His eating was no recreating ſport,
But wiſht his neck were like a Cranes for length,
Better to reliſh his ſweet morſels ſtrength.

To

To the Inſatiate, Water, Land, nor Air,
Sufficient is to keep him from deſpair.
How many golden Mines at ſtake muſt lie,
To bear the charge of Prodigality?
Of *Henry* Duke of *Guiſe* it hath been ſaid,
Uſury was his pleaſure and his trade:
For when his large Eſtate to aſhes burn'd,
At laſt it all to Obligations turn'd.
But he that ſpendeth all to pleaſe his friend,
Perhaps may viſit him, but want i'th'end.
But the three B's, Back, Belly, Building, have
To fair Eſtates each one become a Grave.
Luxurious men this for themſelves may ſay,
Their hands are their Executors, and they
Before old age approach to make their years
Many, their eyes are their own Overſeers.
Much of their Patrimonies they expend
Upon their Guts, the reſt to Harlots lend;
Who uſually do leave him full as bare
As Crows do leave a Carcaſs; and 'tis rare
When Riot doth into man's Senſes ſteal,
But certain Ruine follows at the heel.
Beggery doth on Luxury attend,
When the poor Spendthrift hath no other friend;
And doth at laſt ſo deſpicable grow,
He is beneath the thought of Friend or Foe.
The Drunkard and the Glutton, e're he die,
Shall know the want of Superfluitie.

¶ On Enmity.

Pliny affirmeth, that the Serpents Brood
Cannot be reconcil'd to man: nor would
The learn'd *Bodinus* this Relation tell,
Did not his own experience know it well.
A capital Antipathy is ſpread
Between the Woman and the Serpent's head:

So

So that within a multitude of men
If but one woman croud i'th' middle, then
The Serpent doth his Enmity reveal
By finding her, and ſtings her in the heel :
Well verifying what their Maker ſed,
Th'Serpent ſhould bruiſe her heel ; her ſeed, his head.
Perſwaſions may o'ercome an Enemy ;
Irreconcilable is Enmity :
It is a mutual Malevolence,
That between parties ſtudies for offence.
A dire antipathy that doth create
The killing Canker of a mortal hate.
Magirus ſaith, Nature makes it appear
In divers Creatures, namely Horſe and Bear,
The Eagle and the Swan, among all Fowl,
The leſſer ſort of Birds oppoſe the Owl.
The Toad and Spider likewiſe do agree
Each one to poyſon by antipathy.
The ſtately Lion of couragious ſtock,
Though bold and fierce, is fearful of a Cock.
But the moſt ſharp hoſtility indeed,
Is between Satan and the Womans ſeed.

The Dream.

METhinks I hear Six voices cry aloud !
The firſt of Dying man's, by ſickneſs bow'd ;
That of the Damned is the ſecond voice ;
Thirdly my Soul with an affrighted noiſe ;
The fourth is Chriſt's with ſweet inviting chimes ;
The fifth's the charming voice of Evil times ;
The ſixth a voice that doth the Senſe allay,
A dreadful Summons to the Judgment-day.
The Dying man, methinks, doth make his moan,
Breathing out ſighs, and with each ſigh a groan :
Oh, looſe no time, call every minute o're,
A minute's pretious ; man's whole life's no more.

Oh

Oh that I could make ſure of Heaven, for now
My days on Earth unto a period grow.
The Damned cry and roar: O ſee the end
And ſad effects of ſin! ſorrows attend
The wicked man. I now diſcern my Crime,
And feel the puniſhment of loſs of time;
And then I hear my Soul expoſtulate,
Oh, thou my body, frail, of wretched ſtate,
Why ſhould I play the fool to pleaſe thy Luſt,
When all my Kindneſſes are writ in duſt?
Nay, in ungrateful duſt, that doth repay
A Pearl, only beſmearing it with clay.
Thou but a moment art of time; but I
Muſt laſt for ever, to Eternity.
When thou with Rottenneſs art whelm'd about,
Where ſhall I be? 'Tis fit I ſhould get out
Betimes from ſuch an Earthy houſe as thine,
And, as a Star, in Heaven's manſion ſhine.
Angels are my Companions there: doſt think,
To pleaſure thee, I'll to Perdition ſink?
Is it not better, prethee Mortal tell,
To Heaven we go, than thou bear me to Hell?
And then methinks ſweet Jeſus is at hand
With invitations thus: Behold, I ſtand
Here at the door, and knock; I weep, I ſue
Until my head is covered o're with dew:
I wait and beg to lead thee to Delight,
My locks being filled with the dew of night.
My tears, my groans, my crying blood doth knock;
Open to me, thou heart, if not a Rock.
With patience I beſeech, let ſin no more
A lodging have, and Chriſt wait at the door.
Let not Damnation gull thee with deceit,
Whilſt thy Salvation doth intreat and wait.
Then evil times methinks do thus invite:
Oh, now conſider, walk as in the light;
Let all your Vertues be adorn'd with Rays;
Be living Chriſtians, theſe are dying days:
Be growing Chriſtians, lay aſide vain Crimes;
Walk ſtedfaſtly in theſe back-ſliding times.

Oh,

Oh, now, or elſe thou art for ever gone,
Leave Devil, World, and Fleſh, make Chriſt thine own.
Then the Archangels voice at laſt I hear,
Summoning all the Dead forthwith appear
Before the Judgment-ſeat, crying, Ariſe,
Come forth, ye bleſſed Saints, open your eyes;
With God and Angels each one take his place,
To judge the World, and try the ſinners Caſe:
Ariſe, ye curſed naked Souls, and take
Your ſtanding before God and Angels; quake
At the Tribunal great, from whence ſhall come
Your fearful, final, and your fatal Doom.
Lord, the firſt voices let me hear with fear,
That the laſt voice I may not fear to hear.

¶ On Beauty.

HAve you not heard o'th' bloody Siege of *Troy?*
Of *Hellens* beauty how it did deſtroy?
The luſtre of her Beauty did decay,
And ſhe was but a glorious heap of Clay.
Or have you read of *Jacob*, how he ſerv'd
Full fourteen years for *Rachel*, never ſwerv'd
From his affections? She, his hearts delight,
Was amiable and lovely in his ſight.
Thus we adore thoſe whom we think excel
In Beauty, though a painted *Jezebel.*
If theſe deſerve ſo much, then what doth he
That made theſe Beauties? he whoſe Majeſtie
Is altogether lovely, doth ſurpaſs
The glories of an indigeſted Maſs.
The Beauty of the whole Creation is
As droſs to him; for the Creation's his.
Be not diſcourag'd, oh my Soul, but place
Thy firm affections on thy Saviour's face.
Though Enemies may watch for thy defaults,
Chriſt can ſecure thee from their fierce aſſaults.

Let

Let him be beautiful within thine eye,
And thou ſhalt live, although thou ſeemſt to die.
Be not diſheartned, oh my Soul; for though
Rules may be ſtrict and Duties hard, yet know
They are as Armour 'gainſt the worſt diſaſter;
Heaven's thy Wages, Chriſt himſelf thy Maſter.
Lord, let my heart thy Beauty underſtand,
No difficulty then ſhall reach my hand.

¶ On Knowledge.

THis precious Jewel, Knowledge, may compare
To thoſe the *Iſraelites* of old did wear:
For if our Knowledge be improv'd but half
Of that, like them we but erect a Calf.
Their Gold was precious, all that while commodious;
But in an Idol caſt, it then grew odious.
So the pure Wit of man, well underſtood,
Was in the days of Innocencie good;
But when corruption ſeizes on his age,
He becomes vicious that before was ſage.
Or it reſembles an untilled field
That barren lies, and nothing elſe doth yield
But Brambles, Thorns, unneceſſary Weeds,
Till Grace manures it with its growing ſeeds.
The beſt of Minerals their poyſons have
Until extracted. Flowers ſweet and brave,
Their fæces do poſſeſs, till art and ſkill,
By ſeparation takes away the ill.
So the beſt Wits have folly, until Grace
Plucks up its roots and groweth in the place.
In things that do ſpiritually relate,
The Underſtanding when it's tried by weight,
Will like *Belſhazzar* much too light be found,
Lighter than Vanity or Verbal ſound.
Then let not wiſe men glory in their parts,
But hoard their Wiſdome in unſpotted hearts:

For

For 'tis a Jewel of an unknown price,
'Bove that of Rubies, or of mans device:
For *he that getteth wiſdom loves his Soul,*
Dare oppoſe dangers, feareth no controul.
It excels Folly as a glorious Star,
And *better is than weapons us'd in War.*
'Tis profitable to inſtruct, direct,
Teacheth the Ignorant be circumſpect.
Wherefore if any one do Wiſdom lack,
Aſk of the Lord, for he will not be ſlack.
It is the gift of God, and he alone
Can Wiſdom fix within a heart of ſtone.
Why are we dayly by our ſins decoy'd?
For want of Knowledge people are deſtroy'd.
With Knowledge put on practice: Satan's brood
Have Knowledge, but it does more harm thad good.
To Apprehenſive Knowledge muſt conjoyn
Affective Knowledge: if thoſe two combine,
They give a Chriſtian courage. No retreat
Is needful when a Saint is arm'd compleat.
When as God's holy Spirit takes in hand
To teach, the Scholar ſoon doth underſtand.
To a good Soul nothing's of higher prize
Than is the knowledge of deep myſteries.
Auſtin of God deſir'd no worldly pelf,
But only to know God, and know himſelf.
Knowledge and Love muſt both accord, for why?
Knowledge puffs up, but Love doth edifie.
Fooliſh were they that Knowledge did deſpiſe
Becauſe it puffeth up: Rather than wiſe,
They were reſolv'd continue ignorant
And humble, Pride and Arrogance to want.
Knowledge puffs up, but Grace gives an allay;
For Knowledge can command, and can obey:
But thoſe were like *Democritus*, half wiſe,
To ſhun Uncleanneſs pluck'd out both his eyes.
Though Knowledge nimbly on our Senſes dance,
It's greateſt part's the leaſt of Ignorance:
Yet we are apt to think, though can't diſcern't,
That we know all that can by man be learnt.

As in the hoſt of *Alcibiades*
All would be Leaders, none Commanders pleaſe:
And *Epicurus* ſpoke but as a youth,
Boaſting he was the firſt diſcover'd Truth;
For he in many things expreſt his minde
Not as a man, but as a Beetle blinde.
Aratus the Aſtrologer did vent
His brags, he knew all Stars i'th' Firmament.
Laurentius Valla gloried there was none
Writ Logick worth the reading, but his own.
Neſtorius the Heretick could boaſt,
That he alone, on the *European* coaſt,
Did underſtand the Scriptures; when he came,
The World awakned was with his great name.
Well ſaith th'Apoſtle, and 'tis truly ſo,
Man knoweth nothing as he ought to know.

¶ On Magnanimity.

Cæſar ſpoke proudly when he boldly ſaid,
In midſt a ſtorm, Pilot, be not afraid;
The angry Surges know not what they do;
Thou carrieſt *Cæſar* and his fortunes too.
The *Cannibals*, as Hiſtory doth tell,
Are for their courage thought invincible;
Rather than ſeem to fear, remiſsly flie,
Or ſue for life, they bravely chooſe to die.
In *Alexander*'s laſt and fatal fight,
He ſhew'd his Courage was his chief delight,
By boaſting 'twas his glory and his pride,
At once the Power of *Perſia* to divide.
Mahomet the *Perſian* Sultan overthrown,
His Paſſion was to ſuch a fury grown,
He in revenge (perhaps more mad than wiſe)
Caus'd his chief Captains ten to looſe their eyes,
So to prevent their overthrow agen;
And threatned female habits for his men.

Lact-

Lacedemonians were wont to cry,
It was a ſhame for any man to fly
In time of danger: but a curſed fate,
Lacedemonians ſhould deliberate.
And *Socrates*, *Criton*'s advice did ſlight,
When by him wiſh'd to make a private flight.
Salisbury's noble Earl, whenas he found
The Sultans Army had inclos'd him round,
And he advis'd to fly, anſwer'd in ſcorn,
Heavens forbid I ſhould for that be born;
Or any of my Father's Blood or Race
Should fear a *Saraſin* for force or face.
Much leſs then ſhould a Chriſtian fear, whoſe eye
Should fix on Chriſt, who did for Chriſtians die.
Bravely reſolv'd it was of bleſſed *Paul*
After Converſion, his aſpiring fall,
I ready am not only to proclaim,
But to be bound, and die for *Jeſus* Name.
Who ſails with Chriſt fears neither Rock nor Sand;
Chriſtians through ſtorms muſt reach the promis'd [Land.

On Ingratitude.

LOrd, what a danger lately I eſcap'd!
Torrents of Terrours juſt before me gap'd:
Upon the brink I was, yet ſcaped free;
They are well kept, O Lord, are kept by thee.
Surely thy meaning only was to fright,
As an advice that I might ſhun a ſmite.
Thus thy great providence doth think it fit
To hit the mark ſometimes by miſſing it.
Let me not now appear ſo idly rude,
To pay my God with my Ingratitude;
And give my thanks to Fortune, as if ſhe
Were Governeſs of my Tranquillity:
But if my thanks may make a recompence,
I'll pay them to the eye of Providence.

Nar-

Narrow was my eſcape; be it my charge,
That therefore I my thankfulneſs inlarge,
Leſt my ingratitude ſhould juſtly cauſe,
That ſince this Arrow ſeemingly did pauſe,
By touching of my hat, but miſs'd my head;
The next may pierce my heart, and ſtrike me dead.
The antient *Romans* did this Law contrive;
Ingrateful ones ſhould be devour'd alive:
He that receiv'd, and thankfulneſs would want,
Was caſt, whilſt living, to the Cormorant.
Lycurgus made no Law to puniſh ſuch,
Thinking no wretch could dare to ſin ſo much.

¶ On Diſturb'd Devotion.

THis morning, Lord, I viſited my friend,
But ill came of that good I did intend.
Unhappy I, that then ſhould finde the way,
When he to his apartment went to pray.
If I'm uncapable my ſelf to build,
Shall I ſnatch Tools from him is thorow ſkill'd?
Certainly better far, more pious 'twere
And Chriſtian-like, to joyn with him in Prayer.
But now how ſhall I ſtudy an amends,
That, as before, we may continue friends?
Lord, what he wanted, if it be thy will,
Be pleas'd to grant, for he's thy ſervant ſtill.
Thou knowſt for what he did intend to ſue,
And my Petition for him's doubly due.
That neither he nor I may looſers be,
Lord, hear our Saviour both for him and me.

¶ On

¶ On Sin and Sorrow.

OUr Sin and Sorrow two Companions are ;
Sin leads us in, and Sorrow feeds the ſnare.
If our ſhort moments merrily are ſpent,
Into eternal mournings we are ſent.
He that won't weep while he may pardon have,
Hereafter may, in vain, for pity crave.
One bottle full of Tears thy ſins may quell,
But a whole Cloud not quench the flames of Hell.
Then let the careleſs ſinner laugh and ſcorn ;
I'll weep at preſent, not for ever mourn.
Valleys of Tears do ſhew their cleanſing ſkill,
And raiſe a ſinner unto *Sions* hill :
But *the fool's heart is in the houſe of mirth*,
His Joy's his Sorrow, and his Heaven, Earth.
But he whoſe Cup is fill'd unto the brink
With ſin, he ſhall in Seas of Sorrow ſink.
Wherefore my Sins I'll here in Sorrow ſteep,
And ſo weep now, as not for ever weep.

¶ On Mortality.

LOrd, what a Shadow is the Life of man ?
A nothing, leſs than is a little ſpan.
Juſt as a Bird when as it takes its flight
From off the owners hand, is out of ſight.
Our preſent time is as a fading flower,
A flying minute, or a running hour.
The time to come, after the preſent's fled,
Uncertain is, next Sun may ſee us dead.
Lord, in this hour, oh, make me ſure of thee,
Leſt in the next I miſs Felicitie.

¶ On

¶ On St. *Peter*'s Enlargement.

WHen the good Angel brought Saint *Peter* out
From Priſon, there was neither noiſe nor ſhout
That ſhould for joy awake the Iron-gate,
Yet of its own accord it open'd ſtraight.
But ſee how all things in their duties vary;
He chang'd his Priſon for the houſe of *Mary*
Mother of *John*, yet ſtood and knock'd at door,
Could not get in, with eaſe got out before:
The Iron-gate obedience underſtood,
Yet he found oppoſition by the Wood.
Eaſie the anſwer is, There no man was
The Gate to open, or to guard the paſs;
But as in courſe it uſual was before,
A Portreſs was deſign'd to wait the door.
God would not ſhew his finger where the hand
Of man impower'd was to bear command.
Lord, ſhould a wooden Obſtacle increaſe,
Or be a bar unto our hopes of Peace,
An arm of fleſh might ſet a *Peter* free
Without thoſe Miracles are wrought by thee:
But ſhou'dſt thou leave us, Lord, do what we can,
We cry, *Alas! Vain is the help of man.*
To God alone all glory be aſcrib'd:
Jaylors extort, but God cannot be brib'd.

¶ The Soul's Search.

LIke weeping *Mary*, holy ſorrow lays
Wait for the Lord, and ſeeks him divers ways:
And Saving Faith, like wreſtling *Jacob*, finds
Its Saviour out, and firmly to him binds.

Like

Like the devoted Spouſe, ſo fervent love
Doth dwell with Chriſt, not thinking to remove,
This brings the Soul to Paſtures freſh and green,
And leads it to the Chamber of the Queen.
Hereafter Chriſt the bleſſed Soul doth bring
To the Cœleſtial-chamber of the King:
So that to lodge with Chriſt and view his face,
Is the perfection of eternal Grace.
Lord, oh my Soul doth love no other he:
I ſought, have found, and thirſt to dwell with thee.

On Proſperity.

IF wicked men in Gold and Silver ſhine,
Should I at their Proſperity repine?
When I indeed behold their ſpreading Bay,
And view their Quails, methinks I'm apt to ſay,
They happy are; but 'tis when I forget
Their ſhining-ſun doth with a twinkle ſet:
For when into God's Sanctuary I
Once place my foot, I eaſily deſcry
That all the Bloſſoms of their ſplendid Glory
Are as dull ſhadows, meerly momentory;
The ſcum of Vanity, a uſeleſs froth,
Blaſted with one breath of Almighty wrath;
External Pleaſures, on which they rely,
Fill up the meaſures of their miſery.
Like the deceitful Salute *Joab* gave
To *Amaſa*; ſo all their great and brave
Beſpangled Honour mounts them up in Vice,
Only to caſt them from a precipice:
Or like the Mule of *Abſalom*, doth bear
Them to the Gallows, and ſo leaves them there.
Like *Jaels* preſent in a lordly diſh,
It ſeems to pleaſure the luxurious wiſh;
But in the end, when ſenſual Luſts prevail,
The dire concluſion ſhews a fatal nail;

And very frankly chalketh out the way
For a ſad Summons to the Judgment-day.
Thus their Proſperity doth firſt betray
With tempting ſmiles, and in concluſion ſlay.
As a poor Ox in fatning Paſture feeds
To day, the next he's ſingled out, and bleeds.
What envy will at Malefactors flie,
Becauſe the day is fair wherein they die?
Why doth Iniquity in Glory flouriſh,
In Paſtures large? it only is to nouriſh
Them for the ſlaughter. Hear the ſum of all;
Experience tells it, *Pride will have a fall.*
For Mediocrity bent *Agur*'s art;
He knew Proſperity doth ſwell the heart.

¶ On Humility.

N*Oſce teipſum* hard is to be learn'd;
A mans own faults are not with eaſe diſcern'd.
The faults of other men are writ in Text,
Eaſie to read, when ours are not annext.
The eye that's fixt on Natures choiceſt ſhelf,
Can all things ſee, yet not behold it ſelf.
Preſumptuous Confidence goes bleeding home,
When humble Fear triumphantly doth come.
Great *Alexander* would be deifi'd,
Confeſs'd himſelf a man, his blood eſpi'd.
The humble man, within another minds
All things are excellent; but when he finds
He doth decline in Vertue, noble Elf,
He is the firſt that ſhall condemn himſelf.
His eyes are full of his continual want,
Sees others worth, and grieves himſelf is ſcant.
When he hath but a mite of his deſerts,
Others he magnifies. Thus he imparts
His generoſity to famous uſe,
Whilſt others do repay him with abuſe.
From pride and malice none is more exempt;
Aſham'd of honour, values no contempt.

Violet-like, he grows low to the ground,
That hides its head with leaves; and he is found
Like that, with fragrant ſmells which ſo bewray
That his own Vertues do his Worth betray.
In his Diſcourſe he never flies aloft;
His words are few, and thoſe few words are ſoft.
Modeſtly ſpeaking, not ſelf-glorious,
Nor peremptory, nor cenſorious.
Becauſe he thinks all other men more wiſe,
Corrects himſelf by his own modeſt eyes.
When his Devotions do the time beguile,
He makes himſelf a nothing, wretched, vile;
Doth no man emulate: if underſtood,
He hates none but himſelf, becauſe not good.
A mite of Comfort doth his wants ſupply;
And none more patient when in miſery,
Becauſe he knows that his deſerts are ſuch,
That having ſin'd, cannot be plagu'd too much.
He a low Valley is, and planted ſweet,
Where freſh and fragrant Odours often meet;
And like the proud mans earth is trampled on,
Though full of wealthy Mines; a pretious ſtone
Fit for foundation-work, not plac'd aloof,
God's holy Temple built with lowly roof.
Camomile-like, and Palm-tree, when depreſt,
Doth higher riſe, wearied to take his reſt.
Zacheus from the Sycamore came down,
And that deſcenſion made the Lord his own.
'Tis not the Proud that do in Chriſt believe,
Not Lofty, but the Humble him receive.
Fruitfulleſt Trees do in the Valleys grow,
And thrive the better for their being low;
When taller Trees an interruption finde,
By the ſtrong blaſt of a contagious winde:
Yet the tall Tree hangs down its head, to ſay,
For this God made me, and I do obey.
The humble man conſiders Earth's his Womb,
And then remembers Earth muſt be his Tomb.
Unto Humility God's Grace is given,
Who with that Grace a Ladder makes to Heaven.

¶ On Vice.

WHen on a Journey, and am weary grown,
I finde an Inne within ſome Countty-town,
And have obſerv'd, numbers of Gueſts do come
Firſt to the Chamberlain to ſhew a Room;
Perhaps one Chamber doth contain them all,
Yet on the Chamberlain doth each man call:
One to the Table bids him ſtraight attend,
Another doth him to the Window ſend,
A third unto the Chimney muſt be led,
A fourth would be conducted to his bed,
A fifth man ſends him down for Glaſs or Cup,
And e're he's down, another calls him up.
Thus he's diſtracted with a ſudden moyl,
Scarce can pleaſe all, though tired with his toyl.
Such is the ſad condition of my Soul;
In what a cloud of croſſes it doth rowl!
By Nature I am born a wretched twin;
To ſorrow ſervant, and a ſlave to ſin.
Unto the Window I am call'd by Pride,
Gluttony next pretends to be my Guide.
By Lazineſs I'm to the Chimney led,
By Wantonneſs I'm finely brought to bed.
Ambition calls me up, but I am grown
So covetous, more profit calls me down.
Vices, I ſee, themſelves do contradict;
'Tis only Vertue that doth Vice convict.
Free me, O Lord, from this diſtracted caſe:
Vertue it ſelf is Vice, unleſs thou place
It in a centre, like it ſelf to ſhine;
A ſervant unto ſin cannot be thine:
For *In thy ſervice perfect freedom is:*
Sin is a ſlavery, a dark abyſs.
Satan deludes the Soul to acts obſcure;
But *The commandments of the Lord are pure.*
Vice is at beſt but a diſeaſed Whore
Splendidly painted, making fools adore.

¶ O

¶ On God's preſence.

HEaven it is, ever to be with God ;
Without him is in Hell to take abode.
You that in Chriſt no beauty can behold,
Nor Heavens glory, dare you be ſo bold
As not to think they all things do excel ?
Or can you not behold the flames of Hell ?
If in God's preſence you do not delight,
Oh, tremble at his abſence. If your flight
Be at a diſtance, as if you did doubt him,
Conſider well, and fear to be without him.
Lord, thou my Heaven art, my God, my Guide,
My wedded Huſband ; and my Soul's thy Bride.

¶ On Hypocriſie.

THe Hypocrite, with his deceitful eye,
Doth ſerve the Devil in God's Livery ;
And therefore to the Lord ſo well is known,
Both Earth and Heaven doth his craft diſown.
Man ſees his Livery and cunning Art,
And hateth him ; but God doth view his heart,
And hates him too. Men ſee his outward Zeal,
For which they do deride him. He, like ſteel,
Grows ſtrong and ſtubborn, pleas'd with his own caſe,
Though God and Man do both abhor his face :
So that he in a Wilderneſs doth rove,
And never doth become a *Canaan*'s Dove.
The ſum of all his labours doth at laſt
Conſume with the Almighty's dreadful blaſt :
And a dire doom, when he at Judgment ſtands,
Who hath required theſe things at your hands ?

He that ſo cunningly did others cheat,
Took greateſt pains his own Soul to defeat :
He ſteals his own Damnation, and can tell
(For he with ſweat hath found) the way to Hell.
So that the Sinner openly prophane,
And Hypocrite, as they together reign
On Earth, although in different degrees,
They both at laſt lament their little eaſe.
Only two ways they finde unto their fate,
One ſteals to Hell thorow the Poſtern-gate,
The other keeps the open beaten Road ;
But both at laſt in *Tophet* make abode.
Hypocrites habit is Formality ;
But, Lord, cloath me with thy Sincerity.
Perhaps men may not of my ſtate approve ;
It matters not, ſo I obtain thy love.
Saints here but labour to peruſe their ſtory,
When they arrive to their eternal Glory.

¶ On Pleaſures.

IN all things an immoderated uſe
Breeds a diſtate ; and man, when grown proſuſe,
Doth glut himſelf with Pleaſure : He that's wiſe
Eſteems them chiefly for their novelties.
The pleaſure of the body gives relief
No otherwiſe than adding grief to grief.
When *Jupiter* (as ancient Poets fain)
With all his might and art could not attain
Two great Antagoniſts to reconcile,
Pleaſure and Sorrow, having paus'd a while
He took an Adamantine Chain, with that
Bound them together, ſo that then they ſat
As fixt Companions : They that were unſtable
But juſt before, were made inſeparable.
Affection propagates our Pleaſures growth ;
Vertue's an Antidote againſt them both.

Plea-

Pleaſure is the Adulterate brat of Senſe,
So very fading, ſhe cannot diſpence
To laſt while Artiſts ſhall her Picture frame,
And therefore Memory preſerves her name.
All thoſe delights that do the Senſes pleaſe,
Are one days age, an *Ephemerides.*
What excellence may that be ſaid to be,
Which the moſt excellent (as dangers) flee?
Time with the Pleaſures of this World is ſpilt,
Full of the ſtain of ſin, and ſting of guilt.
Hannibal his honour loſt, and duty,
Being entangled with a womans beauty.
Antonius his *Cleopatra* had;
Both were moſt valiant Captains: but the ſad
Effects of Luſt did like a Cloud o'recaſt
All their Atchievements, and their labours blaſt.
Luſt is the bane of Kingdoms: done alone,
It would more common be than any one
Of all thoſe Vices that corrupt the eye;
Heathens the firſt place give to Piety.
And *Triſmegiſtus* this aſſertion brings,
Religion is the ground of publick things.
God did not caſt man out of Paradiſe,
That man might make another by advice.
Be therefore wary, during time and leiſure,
'Tis dangerous to take delight in Pleaſure:
For 'tis a *Syren* doth deceive us all;
It gives us dainties, but they're mix'd with gall.
The Pitch and Tar of Sin ſo cloſe do cleave,
That Pleaſure waiteth only to deceive.
Riches ſeem pleaſant things to baniſh Care,
But are at beſt but an intangling Snare.
Our Meat and Drink, when taken with Exceſs,
Breaks forth to Surfeitings and Drunkenneſs.
Silver and Gold ſeem pleaſant things, yet they,
Like thieves, from God do ſteal our hearts away.
That man that loveth pleaſure ſhall be poor;
But God's right hand hath pleaſures evermore.

¶ On an Hour-Glaſs.

AS I in haſte did through a Chamber paſs,
I had almoſt deſtroy'd a Chriſtal Glaſs.
With fear affrighted, I too ſoon believ'd
That I had broke it; thereupon I griev'd.
But how much time more pretious than that ſand
Have I neglected? and with ready hand
Purſu'd my folly, being round beſet
With ſins, yet I not thinking of regret.
Though that but Chriſtal, I my ſelf condemn,
But minde not Time, though every hour's a gem.
The thought of breaking that did me affright;
The other's minded not, though loſt outright.
That were but caſual, if it had been done;
But with conſent my pretious Time hath flown.
A better Hour-glaſs may be had for coſt,
But Time ill-ſpent is once and ever loſt:
For toys our griefs can finde a certain leiſure,
But have no vent for an unvalued treaſure.
Lord, let that Hour-glaſs for its ſervice win me,
(Not that ſtands by me, but) ſhall be within me.
Teach me to number ſo my days, that I,
Right ſoon, *my heart to wiſdome may apply.*

¶ Salve for the Sick.

WHenas ſome ſharp Diſeaſe ſhall viſit me,
I fear, with pain, I ſhall impatient be:
For I am Cholerick by nature made,
By temper tender, apt to be afraid;
And ſuch a ſtranger unto ſickneſs am,
'Twould prove a Lions conqueſt o're a Lamb.

O whither will my minde with wavering ſail,
When a Diſeaſe ſhall over me prevail?
O whither will my giddy fancy ſtride,
When a Diſtemper's the unſtable Guide?
Wilde-fire will ſit upon my burning tongue,
When with a Feaver every Senſe is ſtung.
Wherefore, O Lord, if it diſcloſe my ſhame,
Let it give no diſhonour to thy Name.
Teach me the Art of Patience whilſt I'm well,
That when grown ſick, that Vertue may excel.
In that day let me not aſſiſtance lack;
Lighten my burthen, or improve my back.
In God I'll truſt when Life hath ſpun its length;
For *In the Lord is everla*ſ*ting ſtrength.*

¶ On Perfection.

IN Humane life there no perfection can
Be ſaid to be an attribute of man.
Luſt and the Senſes have a conſtant Jar;
The Fleſh and Spirit do maintain a War
Againſt each other: man may make his moan,
He perfect is in Imperfection.
None but the Lord that Badge of Honour wears;
But man may gain it with his Prayers and Tears;
Cannot enjoy it here, but he muſt fly
Where it is crowned with Felicity.
They are Cœleſtial plants or flowers, both
Of Paradiſe, not of Terreſtrial growth.
The beſt in this his Pilgrimage doth hault,
Like *Jacob* with one leg, 'tis Natures fau't.
Though we have many tongues, as *Paul*, are apt
To climb like him, till i'th' third Heaven wrapt;
Though we, with *Moſes*, have in *Egypt* ſought
For all the Learning the *Egyptians* taught;
Though we (as *Ezra* did) ſhould underſtand
Each Article of every Command

Within the Law of God. Though eloquent
In Scripture as *Apollos*, we indent
Too far with Sin and Satan, that our care
Hath no perfection, but a perfect ſnare.
We are but Scholars here, to uſe our Arts
In pious duties to improve our parts.
The cleareſt Chriſtian hath ſome ſoil or ſpot:
Noah with Drinking did himſelf beſot.
Peter with Perjury eclips'd his fame:
And with Diſſimulation *Abraham.*
With loud Contention *Paul* and *Barnabas.*
The *Pſalmiſt* truly doth expreſs the caſe:
The ſons of men are ſo profuſely prone,
None perfect are, nor *none good, no not one.*
The Vertue that a juſt man hath, doth lie
In Pious works, and in Humilitie.
The Author to the *Hebrews* quotes the name
Of many Worthies blemiſh'd in their fame.
Gideon an Ephod made, and that let in
Idolatry; he *Iſrael* made to ſin:
Had many Wives, to nouriſh his deſigne
Of Luſt, and with thoſe Wives a Concubine.
Barak, although a Souldier, waxed faint.
Sampſon, a ſtrong and a couragious Saint,
Defil'd himſelf with Strumpets. Wretched fate
Made *Jepthe* raſh and inconſiderate.
David was tainted with two horrid ſins,
Murther, Adultery, as if two twins
Or brethren; both have his great honour checkt.
Samuel obſerv'd his Children with neglect.
No Prince or Prophet but his weakneſs had,
Virtues have oppoſites in things are bad;
Yet they were men that did with God accord,
And were moſt highly honour'd by the Lord;
Faithful to God, obedient to his Law:
That Chryſtal perfect is that hath no flaw.
Shew me a Garden that's without its weeds,
I'll yield man perfect by his words and deeds.
Yet let us not upon their errours play;
The Righteous man offendeth every day:

And if *the righteous ſcarcely can be ſav'd*,
It plainly ſhews whole Nature is deprav'd.
Wouldſt thou of a Perfection have thy ſhare,
Repent, like them; for now they perfect are.

¶ On a Roſe-tree.

'TWas in *September* I obſerv'd a Tree
That then bore Roſes; ſtranger 'twas to me.
Others of like kind round about it grew,
Yet all were barren, and thoſe not a few.
The Gardner kindly did the reaſon give:
In *May* 'twas cloſely clipt, that it might thrive
And bud in *Autumn*. Lord, had I been kept
Curb'd in my tender years, whenas I ſlept
Secure from puniſhment, my life had been
Grey in its Youth, and when grown aged, Green.
He that intends to win the happy Race,
Muſt learn in tender years to grow in Grace.

¶ The Chriſtians Alphabet.

AN Angel good Satan himſelf can make;
But the Apoſtles true, bid men beware.
Chriſt had his *Paul* the drowſie to awake,
Daring even Death it ſelf; ſuch was his care.
Earneſt in zealous works, did ſharply taſt
Fortunes ill will in ſtripes of cruel meaſure;
Great was his troubles: he did oft forecaſt
Honour for God, in counting Death his treaſure.
In Priſons frequent, from the ſight o'th' Sun;
Kill'd oftentimes, and yet he did revive;
Laſhes five times he had forty ſave one;
Menacing terms did frequently receive.

Night

N ight and day in the deep, and ſhipwrack'd thrice;
O nce was he ſton'd, and three times beat with rods;
P erils came often; cold he was as Ice;
Q uips oftner came than did his days by odds.
R ender he did his thanks to God for all,
S uch was his holy love and fervent Zeal,
T hough firſt he was a perſecuting *Saul*,
U ndoing ſuch as bleſs'd the Commonweal.
W reaths crown his head becauſe he was a Tree
X actly good, too precious for the flames,
Y ielding ſuch fruit as few have born but he;
Z ealous for Heaven, where he in Glory reigns,
& ſo his Loſſes turn'd to be his Gains.

¶ On Chriſt's Death.

MY God, my God, turn not to night my day;
Shall Mans black Crimes be Darts my heart to ſlay?
Muſt my dear blood on ſinful duſt be ſpilt
To pay his debt, and waſh away his guilt?
My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?

Muſt I come from a Diadem to Death,
Leaving my joys, in ſorrow ſpend my breath?
Muſt I, that am coequal with the Father,
Be crucifi'd, that man may comfort gather?
My God, my God, &c.

I that e're now was cloath'd in ſtate of Glory,
Am now in Rags of Fleſh to tell my ſtory.
I that fill ev'ry place in ſpight of danger,
Yet I, in fear, was cradled in a Manger.
My God, my God, &c.

To *Egypt* I compelled was to fly;
I am the Life, yet I my ſelf muſt die.
I am the ſole Dictator of the Law,
Yet muſt be ſubject now, and ſtand in aw.
My God, my God, &c.

'Twas

'Twas I that both the Earth and Heavens made,
But working now at *Joſeph*'s homely trade.
Children of men, I have ye oft exempted,
Can binde the Devils, yet muſt I be tempted.
My God, my God, &c.

I made the World of Nothing, Man of Duſt,
Yet I have hungred and have been athirſt.
I am become Life to the Lunatick;
If God can die, Nature may well be ſick.
My God, my God, &c.

Muſt I, that keep the Keys of Death and Hell,
Pay viſits now where griefs and terrours dwell?
Muſt Kings be made the ſubjects of their ſcorns,
And wear, inſtead of Stars, a Crown of Thorns?
My God, my God, &c.

My Senſes all extreamly are agriev'd,
My eyes beholding whom I have reliev'd,
Mine ears with hearing lewd blaſphemous Taunts,
Inſtead of Hallelujahs ſung by Saints.
My God, my God, &c.

Smelling, I finde my noſtrils ſtreight grow full
O'th' evil ſcent of ſome corrupted ſkull.
My Taſte is chang'd with Liquor like my Thrall,
Sower and bitter, Vinegar and Gall.
My God, my God, &c.

My Feeling, with the Spear that pierc'd my ſide:
That man might live, I thus was crucifi'd.
At length my Father heard me, bad me die,
But nothing fear, for he himſelf ſtood by.

An Hymn.

By St. *Ambroſe* and St. *Auguſtine.*

OUr tongues, O God, thy praiſe record;
We thee confeſs our Soveraign Lord.
To thee, Eternal Father, all
Who dwell on Earth, do proſtrate fall.
To thee the Angels at all hours;
To thee the Heavens and heav'nly powers;
To thee with voice inceſſantly
The Seraphins and Cherubs cry,
Thou Holy, Holy, Holy one
Of Sabbath, Lord and God alone:
Fill'd is the Earth, the Heavens, the Skie,
With glory of thy Majeſty.
The bleſs'd Apoſtles glorious Quire,
The Prophets whom thou didſt inſpire,
And all the White-rob'd Martyrs ſing
Eternal praiſe to thee their King.
The holy Church does loudly ſound
Thy bleſſed Name throughout the ronnd
Of the whole Earth, confeſſing thee
Father of boundleſs Majeſtie.
The ſame is dutifully done
To thy ſole Venerable Son:
And to the Holy Ghoſt that arms
The Soul with conſolating Charms.
Thou, Chriſt, haſt Kingly Glories won,
Thy Father's dear Eternal Son.
Thou, man to free from endleſs pain,
A Virgins womb didſt not diſdain.
That death ſubduing, didſt unlock
Heav'ns Realms unto thy faithful Flock.
On God's right hand thou ſit'ſt as bright
As in thy Father's radiant light.

Our

Our Judge to come thou art eſteem'd ;
Thy ſervants therefore help, redeem'd
With thy moſt precious blood, and make
Us, with thy Saints, of Bliſs partake.
Lord, ſave thy people in diſtreſs,
Thy Heritage vouchſafe to bleſs ;
Rule and exalt them without end.
Our dayly bleſſings thee attend.
Thy glorious Name we magnifie
From age to age, eternally.
This day, ſweet Lord, we now are in,
Preſerve us from committing ſin.
Have mercy on us, Lord, efface
Our ſins with thy Cœleſtial grace.
Let mercy on us, Lord, be ſeen
As in thy ſelf our hopes have been.
Lord, I have fix'd my hopes on thee,
Then let me ne're confounded be.

¶ On Chriſt's Croſs.

CAn we ſpell Chris-croſs-row, and yet not read
That Chriſt for us was dead ?
How he himſelf did humble unto death,
Looſing his life to give us breath ?

But now he ſhines in the Cœleſtial Frame,
And hath receiv'd a Name
To which all knees ſhall bow, and tongues ſhall ſay,
This is the Lord, we muſt obey.

He that doth diſregard the Croſs of Chriſt,
Of Happineſs hath miſt ;
Deſtruction is his end, his glory ſhame ;
But happy he doth love the ſame.

I will not hate the Croſs, nor yet adore
Any but he it bore.
I'll not blaſpheme the Croſs, becauſe 'twas dy'd
With his rich blood was crucifi'd.

Rich beyond price; for when that blood was ſpilt
It cleans'd a world of guilt,
It bought mankinde: for when Chriſt's blood was flown,
As Lord, he call'd us all his own.

Wherefore I will not worſhip any one
But my dear Lord alone.
Take up my Croſs and bear my Croſs I will,
I'll love it and embrace it ſtill.

But to adore my Croſs I will not dare,
All knees ſhould that forbear:
In reverence to his Name all hearts ſhall bow
With pious Zeal, as mine does now.

Chriſt never wanted croſſes, ſcoffs, and ſcorns;
His ways were ſtrew'd with thorns:
Then may we judge by his moſt ſacred birth,
He's croſs'd, wants croſſes here on Earth.

¶ The Croſs.

Then let us count all things as loſs
And Dung compared with the Croſs.

This is the Figure of that Tree
That bore the fruit of life for me.

The Emblem of Humility
Expreſs'd in him, did on it die.
To it was nail'd the God of Life,
Who di'd in Love to end our Strife.
God had one Son who had no ſin,
But all his Sons have croſſed h'n.

¶ The Reſurrection.

HE's riſen now, behold, the ſtone is gone
Which late was rolled to incloſe the Son.
Had the weak *Jews* ſo little wit or grace
To truſt to that, when he fills ev'ry place?
Earth is his foot-ſtool, yet he dwells on high;
Holy his Name, himſelf 's Eternity.

¶ The

¶ The Aſcention.

HOw nimbly, and with what a quick aſcent
Heaven was ſcal'd by the Omnipotent!
But one days ſpeedy journey; ſurely then
Sinners are ſots, that won't be happy men.

¶ An Adoration to the Lord of the Sabbath.

BEhold, we come, dear Lord, to thee,
And bow before thy Throne:
We come to offer on our knee
Our Vows to thee alone.

Whate're we have, whate're we are,
Thy bounty freely gave;
Thou didſt us here in mercy ſpare,
And wilt hereafter ſave.

But oh, can all our ſtore afford
No better gifts for thee?
Thus we confeſs thy Riches, Lord,
And thus our Poverty.

'Tis not our tongue or knee can pay
The mighty Debt we owe;
For more we ſhould than we can ſay,
Far lower than we bow.

Come then, my Soul, bring all thy powers,
And grieve thou haſt no more:
Bring ev'ry day thy choiceſt hours,
And thy great God adore.

But

But above all, prepare thy heart
Whilſt now 'tis called day,
In humble duty bear thy part
To ſing, to love, and pray.

Glory to thee, Eternal Lord,
Thrice bleſſed three in one;
Thy Name at all times be ador'd,
Till time it ſelf be done.

¶ Of God.

HE is the Author of the Worlds { Creation, / Foundation.

The great and mighty Judge of mans { Salvation, / Damnation.

The glorious Lord, and only God { Above, / Of Love.

That both to men and Angels is — { A God, / A Rod.

He did the World create, and by his hand
Or word, Foundations laid of Sea and Land;
Can ſave or damn, as he doth beſt approve;
Will be our God, or Rod, as we ſhall love.
Thou that canſt hold the Winds within thy fiſt,
Have mercy on us, oh, thou God in Chriſt.

¶ Of

¶ Of Chriſt.

HE it is that gives us ——— { Peace, / Increaſe.

He to poor Souls cries, I'm —— { your *Jeſu*, / *I ES u.*

He it is that is our ——— { Good, / Food.

The Saints with him do truſt their { Treaſure, / Pleaſure.

He it is can end our ——— { Life, / Strife.

He it is that gives us ——— { Breath, / Death.

He is to us a Judge and ——— { King, / Sting.

He is our Peace, Increaſe; our *Jeſu*, and
An Eaſe to thoſe that wait on his Command.
Our Good, our Food; our Treaſure, and our Joy;
Our Life, to ſee no Strife ſhall us annoy.
He gives us Breath, can give us Death, as King,
And unto death he is become a Sting.
He puniſh can, or help us in our thrall;
For Chriſt is God's, and *God is all in all.*
Wouldſt farther know what God is, ſilly Elf,
Go ſtudy firſt to be a God thy ſelf.

¶ God

¶ God is Love.

GIve praiſe unto the Lord above ;
O mit no thanks that thou canſt move.
D oſt thou not know that *God is love ?*

I n Word and Deed make him thy aim,
S o ſhall thy Soul be free from blame.

L et his Commandments be in ure ;
O bedience cannot be a clod :
V s he hath ſpar'd, and doth endure
E v'n ſtill ; ſuch is the love of God.

¶ The Remembrance.

ANd now, my Soul, canſt thou forget
That thy whole life is one long debt
Of Love, to him who on the Tree
Paid back the fleſh he took for thee ?

Lo, how the ſtreams of pretious blood
Flow from five wounds into one flood !
With theſe he waſhes all thy ſtains,
And buys thy Eaſe with his own Pains.

Tall Tree of Life, we clearly now
That doubt of former ages know ;
It was thy wood ſhould make a Throne
Fit for a more than *Solomon.*

Large Throne of Love, royally ſpread
With Purple of too rich a red :
Strange coſtly price ! thus to make good
Thine own eſteem with the Kings blood.

Hail

Hail, faireſt Plant of Paradiſe,
To thee our hopes lift up their eyes;
O may aloft thy branches ſhoot,
And fill the Nations with thy fruit.

O may all reap from thy increaſe;
The Juſt more ſtrength, the Sinner peace,
While our half-wither'd hearts, and we
Engraft our ſelves, and grow on thee.

Live, O for ever live, and reign,
Bleſs'd Lamb, whom thine own love hath ſlain:
And may thy loſt Sheep live to be
True lovers of thy Croſs and thee.

¶ Of Death.

1 *Cor.* ch. 15. v. 55, 56.

O, Death, where is thy ſting?
The ſting of death is ſin.

O Death, forbear, I yet muſt live:
Stay, *Death*, till God your Warrant give,
And then *where* you ſee beſt, this heart
Moſt willing *is* to feel your Dart.
But, Lord, O let *thy* ſervants breath
Preſerv'd be from the *ſting* of Death:

¶ Of Grief.

THe tears come ſlowly, Lord, my ſins remain:
O *ſting* my ſhallow fords, and make them rain
Rivers *of* waters; or, if ſo thou pleaſe,
Send daring *death* my ſorrows to decreaſe.

My

My grief is great, 'tis time to riſe or fall;
Then cleanſe me, Lord, from *ſin*, and eaſe my thrall,
That I may ſay, O, *death, where is thy ſting?*
And tell the world, *The ſting of death is ſin.*

¶ A Chriſtian and Death.

A Dialogue.

Chr. COme, valiant Death, and welcome, do thy worſt;
Shew me the power thou claimſt, as being King.
Dea. Poor mortal, know, alas, thou art but duſt,
And I the Sexton that thy Knell muſt ring.
Chr. Away, lean, half-ſtarv'd wretch, go daunt a fool;
Think not to fright me with, *Thy glaſs is run.*
Dea. Thou art my Scholar, therefore come to School;
Delays but waſte that time which might be gone.
Chr. Thou ſeemſt a Student, for thou lookſt ſo poor,
That Famine in thy face I plainly read.
Dea. Come, ſilly wretch, you word it muſt no more;
See here's thy Glaſs, thy Doom, and thou art dead.
Chr. Then boldly ſtrike, thou doſt the body kill,
My Soul ſhall wait upon its Maſter's will.
Dea. Lie there, proud duſt, all fleſh is born to die.
Chr. This is the Road unto Eternitie.

¶ The

¶ The Altar.

A broken ALTAR, Lord, to thee I raiſe,
Made of a Heart, to celebrate thy praiſe:
Thou that the onely Workman art,
That canſt cement a broken heart.
For ſuch is mine,
O make it thine:
Take out the Sin
That's hid therein.
Though it be Stone,
Make it to groan;
That ſo the ſame
May praiſe thy Name.
Melt it, O Lord, I thee deſire,
With Flames from thy Cœleſtial fire;
That it may ever ſpeak thy Praiſe alone,
Since thou haſt changed into Fleſh a Stone.

¶ Death,

Death, Man, and Grave.

A Dialogue.

Death. COme down, proud Luſt.
Man. To what? to Duſt?
Grav. I that you muſt,
and ſhall.
Man. Thou thing of bones.
Grav. That fetcheth groans,
Death. From very ſtones,
and all.
Man. From Duſt I came.
Grav. Thou muſt again.
Death. Sin is thy bain
and thrall.
Man. That's thee: away
Death. With mortal Clay:
Grav. Why do you ſtay?
you muſt.
Death. Come, leave your groans.
Man. To go with bones?
Grav. You muſt go once,
poor duſt.
Death. Nay, do not frown.
Man. Away rude Clown.
Death. I'll ſtrike thee down,
proud luſt.
Man. Then I ſubmit; forbear your ſtorms
Seeing I muſt return a Gueſt
To my Acquaintance old, the worms,
Farewel, fond World, I'll take my reſt.
Grav. I have a Charm will make you ſleep;
And all you have you here may truſt:
For Watchmen, not a few, I keep,
The harmleſs Worms, that are ſo juſt.

With care they do befriend him
That cometh here within this path.
Thus man one world of ſervants hath,
And when he on his Death-bed lies,
Another doth attend him.

Nature's Delight.

HArk, my Soul, how every thing
Strives to ſerve our bounteous King.
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Natures chief and ſweeteſt quire,
Him with chearful notes admire,
Chanting every day their Lauds,
Whilſt the Grove their ſong applauds.

Though their Voices lower be,
Streams have too their melody.
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pauſe, but ſtill ſing on.

All the flowers that gild the Spring,
Hither their ſweet muſick bring.
If Heaven bleſs them, thankful they
Smell more ſweet, and look more gay.

Only we can ſcarce afford
Due thankſgivings to our Lord.
We, on whom his bounty flowes,
All things gives, and nothing owes.

Wake for ſhame, my ſluggiſh heart,
Wake, and gladly ſing thy part.
Learn of Beaſts, of Springs, and Flowers,
How to uſe thy noble Powers.

Call

Call whole Nature to thy aid,
Since 'twas he whole Nature made.
Joyn in one eternal Song,
Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious Lord,
Live by all thy works ador'd;
One in Three, and Three in One,
Thrice we bow to thee alone.

¶ Of Fleſh.

ALl Fleſh is Graſs, doth therefore rot.
For why?
Can man be born to live, and not
to die?
'Tis happineſs to leave this life
and world,
And have our names, where joys are riſe,
enroll'd.
The dead ne're fear what Death can do:
his blaſt
Will come no more; for why? that wo
is paſt.
Then to the Soul appeareth Love
and Joy:
For God will not his Turtle-Dove
deſtroy.
Then though a Torch-light here, 'tis better far
To be put out, and after riſe a Star.

Cal

¶ The Grave.

THough Clay, my Cottage is ſecure :
Princes do dwell with me ;
And my foundations do endure
for aye.
Death waits on me, and with his dart
Sends me the ſtouteſt he,
And, Champion-like, commands the heart
to ſtay.
Then be he Rich, or be he Poor,
A Spark, or elſe a Clown,
They lie together on the floor,
and ſo
They ſleep as if they lay upon
The ſofteſt Bed of Down.
Troubles are fled, and Griefs are gone :
for though
The Body naked in the cold Earth lies,
The Soul ſings Hallelujahs 'bove the Skies.

¶ An Infant.

EArths little Morſel, Man's ſmall Letter,
And *Adam*'s Copy ; no one better
Before he taſted *Eve* :
Nature's freſh Picture drawn in oyl,
Which time and handling oft doth ſpoil.

His Soul appears like Paper white,
That yet had ſcarce bore word aright ;
Neither knew how to grieve.
But pureſt colours, without pains,
Are ſubject moſt to ſpots and ſtains.

He is above the tempts of Devil,
Since he can't underſtand an evil.
His days are raw and dull :
Nor hath he yet agreed with ſin
To baniſh joys, let ſorrows in.

He cannot yet be counted wiſe ;
And being dumb, he with his eyes
Sings ſilent tunes of Lull.
He kiſſes all, doth them approve ;
His Innocency is his Love.

Nature and Parents, much alike,
Do ſometimes dandle, ſometimes ſtrike.
With hidden ſugred bait
They him intice, and he doth ſup
Whate're he finds within the Cup.

Could his weak body finde the way
To Bliſs, and here no longer ſtay,
He'd have a happy fate.
Not knowing ſin, or mortal crime,
He'd reach Eternity betime.

¶ The Candle.

LIke as vain man I downward grow,
My life is ever waſting ;
I fall by fire, ſtill waxing low,
As man did fall by taſting.
My houſe of Tallow doth decreaſe,
And I that am but Cotten,
Within one hour live and deceaſe,
Am in the next forgotten.
O Lord, pour Oyl into my Lamp
To light me to thy home,
That when it ſhall extinguiſh't be,
I may a Star become.

¶ The Ant.

ALthough a creature ſmall,
yet all
My labour, pains, and care
('tis rare)
Is in the Summer to provide
Againſt the Cold and Winter-tide.
And though ſo ſmall, yet I
an eye
Can have to things: for when
weak men
Waſte time in Feaſts and Riot,
I ſtudy for my Diet.
Idleneſs breeds Diſtempers, Povertie,
Gives room for Sin; ye Sluggards, learn of me.

¶ The Thankſgiving.

COme, let's adore the gracious hand
That brought us to this light,
That gave his Angels ſtrict command
To be our Guard this night.
When we laid down our weary heads,
And ſleep ſeal'd up our eye,
They ſtood and watch'd about our beds,
To let no harm come nigh.
Now we are up, they ſtill go on,
And guide us through the day;
They never leave their charge alone,
Whate're beſets our way.
And, oh my Soul, how many ſnares
Lie ſpread before our feet?
In all our hopes, in all our cares,
Some dangers ſtill we meet.

Some

Sometimes the ſin does us o'retake,
And on our weakneſs win:
Sometimes our ſelves our ruine make,
And we o'retake the ſin.
O ſave us, Lord, from all thoſe darts
That ſeek our Souls to ſlay;
Save us from us, and our falſe hearts,
Leſt we our ſelves betray.
Save us, O Lord, to thee we cry,
From whom all Bleſſings ſpring;
We on thy Grace alone rely,
Alone thy glory ſing.
Glory to thee, eternal Lord,
Thrice bleſſed Three in One,
Thy Name at all times be ador'd,
Till time it ſelf be done.

¶ *Antiphon.*

A Dialogue in three parts.

Chor. THanks be to the Lord on high,
Angels. That gave his Son
Men. For us to die.
Chor. He that is the holy One,
Ang. Lov'd us of old,
Men. For us was ſold.
Chor. He that is the God of might
Men. Made us of Duſt,
Ang. For us did fight.
Chor. He that is the God moſt juſt
Ang. Set us aright,
Men. To us gave light.
Chor. He that made the Heavens, Earth,
Men. And all therein,
Ang. He is more worth;
Chor. He it is that knew no ſin,

Ang. Yet ſuffered death
Men. To give us breath.
Chor. Bleſſed he hung on the Croſs
Men. For our great gain,
Ang. But his own loſs.
Chor. He that heal'd the Blinde and Lame,
Ang. Yet fought as thief
Men. For our relief.
Chor. He that died with a kiſs,
Men. From wretched man,
Ang. Is now in Bliſs.
Chor. He that can the Heavens ſpan,
Men. And do much more,
Ang. Him we adore.
Chor. He that was bound to *Herod* ſent,
Men. And ſpit upon,
Ang. He is our Tent.
Chor. He that melteth hearts of ſtone,
Ang. With us doth ſtand,
Men. Doth us command.
Chor. He that pardon can our ſin
Ang. Hath broke our ſnare,
Men. But we fall in.
Chor. He with whom none can compare,
Men. He gave us eyes,
Ang. He made us riſe.
Chor. He was ſcourg'd with heavy laſh,
Men. For us loſt blood,
Ang. And us did waſh.
Chor. He it is that is the good
Men. Great God alone,
Ang. Heaven's his Throne.
Chor. He that wore a Crown of Thorns,
Men. That doth us keep,
Ang. And us adorns.
Chor. He the Shepherd of the Sheep,
Ang. Our choiceſt ſtock,
Men. Our only rock.
Chor. Praiſe him then that did us make,
Men. Doth us defend,
Ang. And us did take.

Chor.

Chor. Bleſs his Name, World without end,
Men. For his great love
Ang. To us above.
Angels and Men, praiſe ye the Lord for aye;
Oh, all ye Nations praiſe the Lord, and ſay,
Amen.

¶ The Bible.

The Book of Books,
The only good
To him that looks
For heav'nly food
A Holy Light
In darkeſt night
The bleſſed Word
Of God the Lord.
Divinitie
In it doth lie.
Indeed it is
The Gate of Bliſs.

¶ The Dream.

I Dreamt my Death was but a ſleep,
My Grave and Bed both one;
And when the morning forth did peep,
Life came, and Death was gone.
Since ſo it is, that none can be
Aſleep but ſuch as die,
O Lord, I'll ſleep to all but thee,
And make my bed on high.

The Beatitudes.

BLeſs'd are the poor, that is, the meek in ſpirit;
For they the Heav'n, God's Kingdom ſhall inherit.

Bleſſed are they that mourn away their years;
God hears their ſighs, hath bottles for their tears.

Bleſſed are they that thirſt for Righteouſneſs;
They ſhall be fill'd more than we can expreſs.

Bleſs'd are the tender, merciful of minde;
They that in mercy give, ſhall mercy finde.

Bleſs'd are the pure of heart; their Sanctitie
Shall lead them to the Holy Deitie.

Bleſs'd are peace-makers; they ſhall make abode,
As Children with their Father and their God.

Bleſſed are they that ſuffer in a cauſe
That's juſt; their ſuffering is their applauſe.

Bleſſed are they that perſecuted are,
And when Revilers do no venom ſpare.
When Diſcontent ſers all things out of frame,
Patience is Phyſick; Prophets us'd the ſame.

Of Angels.

MY Soul, in thy Devotions always ſay,
O God, my God, Lord, hear me when I pray:
Let not or Saint or Angel, though ſublime,
Share of that honour which is due to him:

For

For if you give not God your Heart, your All,
You *Cæſar* rob, to pay your Tythes to *Paul.*
Nor ought we to the Saints to ſhew neglect,
As if the objects of our diſreſpect.
Dives in his diſtreſs cry'd out for water
To *Abraham* a Saint: It is no matter,
We know what *Dives* was, and will forbear
To follow him that ran into a ſnare.

Of Chriſt's Paſſion.

FRom Circumciſion to the hour of death,
Alas ſad fate!
Chriſt's Paſſions ſtill kept even with his breath,
Such was his ſtate.
He firſt was in a Manger wrap'd,
In dangers nurs'd, and often ſcap'd.
As he of Graces had the richeſt ſtore,
So likewiſe he
Of Tears, of Sweat, of Blood, and yet much more,
Could not be free:
For Emulation then was underſtood;
As now it is, 'twas dangerous to be good.
And he that ſeeks for Peace 'mong men,
Shall finde it — But the Lord knows when.

On St. *Paul*'s Converſion.

SO ſhin'd that glorious Sun upon this Saint,
That falling down he did both fear and faint.
It was the Light of God that ſhin'd, whoſe weight
Might ſorely preſs, coming from ſuch a height;
Encompaſs'd round, ſo that he could not flee
From that ſame voice, *why perſecut'ſt thou me?*
From that ſame date St. *Paul*'s Converſion came,
And he grew Maſter of a ſhining Fame.

¶ On

¶ On Chriſt's Praying.

CHriſt in the Garden prays, enclos'd with Trees,
And earneſtly importunes on his knees,
That Cup might paſs; but ſee his Son-like ſkill
In praying, *Father, if it be thy will.*
From whence I learn the duty of a Son,
It is to ſay, *Father, thy will be done.*

¶ On Honour and Valour.

HOnour and Valour being once at ſtrife,
Which ſhould atchieve moſt glory in their life,
Honour did much, went on, would not give o're,
Valour flew boldly on, and did much more.
The World's uncertain; Honour he was beat,
Yet Valour's head muſt ſerve for Honour's ſeat.

¶ On Tinder.

TO Tinder like,
each ſtrike
That Satan gives
My Soul receives.
With ev'ry Match
a Catch,
My Soul does get
When he doth hit.
Hereafter I
will flie
Temptations all,
ſo ſhall
My Voice be rightly tun'd, and apt to ſay,
I'll worſhip none but God, and him obey.

¶ The

¶ The Litany.

O God the Father, God the Son,
That made, and did redeem each one,
And God the Holy Ghoſt, look on
—*us, miſerable ſinners.*

By thy moſt bloody ſweat and Croſs,
By thy pretious death and loſs,
By thy aſcending up from droſs,
Good Lord deliver us.

In all our troubles, time of wealth,
In time of ſickneſs, or of health,
In Deaths ſad hour, which comes by ſtealth,
Good Lord deliver us.

We ſinners do beſeech thee, Lord,
To proſper, and increaſe thy Word;
Unto thy Church good Rules afford,
We beſeech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may pleaſe thee to endue
All Miniſters with knowledge true,
That we with profit may it ſhew,
We beſeech thee, &c.

That Grace and Wiſdome may increaſe,
That Wars and Jarrings all may ceaſe,
That we, thy people, may have peace,
We beſeech thee, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to beſtow
On us thy ſervants here below,
Hearts that ſhall praiſe for what we owe,
We beſeech thee, &c.

That

That it may pleaſe thee, be the way
For their return that do each day
Deceive themſelves and go aſtray;
We beſeech thee, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee, by thy hand
To ſtrengthen thoſe aright do ſtand,
Others to raiſe by thy command ;
We beſeech thee, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee, ſuccour thoſe
That grief and tribulation knows,
When perſecuted by their foes ;
We beſeech thee, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to preſerve
Captives in danger like to ſtarve,
And from Childe-bearers not to ſwerve ;
We beſeech thee, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to defend
The Fatherleſs, and to the end
Thy bleſſings to the Widows ſend ;
We beſeech thee, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee, pity all,
And keep our Enemies from thrall ;
Fetch home their hearts that from thee fall,
We beſeech thee, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to beſtow
On us the kindly fruits that grow ;
Be God and friend unto thy foe,
We beſeech thee, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to forgive
Our ſins, that we upright may live
According to thy Word, and thrive.
We beſeech thee, &c.

O Son of God, we pray thee hear;
O Lamb of God, do not forbear
To look in mercy on each Tear;
we beſeech thee, &c.

After our ſins, O do not us regard,
Nor after our iniquities reward.
Lord have mercy upon us,
Chriſt have mercy upon us.
Let us pray. *Our Father*, &c.

¶ On St. *Michael* the Archangel.

WE praiſe thee, Chriſt, among the quires
Of Angels, who thy voice obey,
That art the life of Heart-deſires,
Thy Father's Power and ſhining Ray.
Whole myriads of heav'nly Peers
Fight for thy cauſe in cloſe aray:
But *Michael*, who thy Standard bears,
The Croſs of Safety does diſplay.
He the pernicious Dragon threw
Into the flames of Hell's Abyſs;
The Captain with his Rebel-Crew,
He thundred from Cœleſtial Bliſs.
Under this Prince let's every one
Againſt Pride's Captain combat ſo,
As that the Lamb may from his Throne
Crown Glories upon us below.
To God the Father, God the Son,
And to the Holy Ghoſt in Heaven,
As hitherto it hath been done,
Let Glory evermore be given.

¶ Op-

¶ Oppoſitions.

GOd is light, and ſin is dark ;
God lives above, and ſin beneath ;
God is juſt, but ſin's a Shark ;
God is Life, and ſin is Death ;
God is Heaven, ſin is Hell ;
God is fair, and ſin is foul ;
God ſaves many that rebel ;
Sin's Damnation to the Soul.
Adam in Paradiſe did ſtand,
Angels in Heaven by God's command ;
But ſin doth, with a gilded Dart,
Not only tempt, but wound the heart.
God doth entreat the Soul by love,
Sin with deceit the Soul doth move.
Sin laid the corner-ſtone in Hell ;
Sin made this World a Monſter ſwell.
In all to God 'tis flatly oppoſite,
It wants the good of Vertue and of Light.

¶ On Thoughts.

STill I am thinking thoughts that are not good,
They are as common as my food,
And do increaſe like Beans in mud,
As thick as any Wood.
Suppoſe I harbour ſome that do no ill,
Nor yet no good, they hurt, when ſtill
To little purpoſe, lying ſtill,
And ſuch a hurt may kill.
When I am praying to the Lord my God,
They often on my Prayers have trod ;
And when I hope'd to ſcape the rod,
My ſins have ſtill abode.

The reaſon ſure why I am thus poſſeſt
With ſuch a bold unwelcome gueſt,
(Unto my ſhame be it confeſt)
It is becauſe his Neſt,
With my conſent before, was builded there,
Who now lies lurking like a Bear,
Watching my ſinful Soul to tear,
When once got in his ſnare.
Lord, be my Surgeon, heal my wounded heart,
And give me grace, that by that Art
I may deviſe a Bolt or Dart
To cauſe ſuch thoughts depart.
For with repentant tears it is confeſt,
Thou art a help to men oppreſt;
When we are moſt of all diſtreſt,
Thou art our chiefeſt reſt.
With fervent Zeal unto thy aid we flee,
Thou art our Reſt; *Truly our hope's in thee.*

On Repentance.

REpentance is a gift which comes from high,
We are not with it born;
None of themſelves repentantly can cry,
Or make the World his ſcorn.
They're carnal Chriſtians think it is enough
To mingle *Lord have mercy* with their ſtuff.

We Jewels buy, and they prove counterfeit,
So man himſelf undoes.
Thus in Repentance Souls themſelves do cheat,
And their rich Jewel looſe.
Which made one ſay, Repentance would not lin,
Until it damned many more than ſin.

If we repent for ſin, 'tis nothing worth,
Unleſs we do refrain
From it as well: for if we from our birth
Delighted to be vain,

Yet

Yet ſometimes weep, but ſtill our hearts do harden,
God will us with a Contradiction pardon.

The ſorrow of this World it worketh Death,
But godly ſorrow that
Repentance works, and that eternal breath :
The Lord himſelf doth hate
Man for his ſins, that numberleſs do fluſh,
And for thoſe ſins doth love as much the bluſh.

Repentance ſtrips us of thoſe Garments black,
That the firſt *Adam*'s was ;
It kills our ſins, and keep us from the wrack.
Though now we are but Graſs,
It doth revive : Our Tears do water ſo,
That we like Plants of Paradiſe do grow.

All, above all thou art, O God moſt juſt,
Repentance grant to me,
That I may cleanſe my Carnal houſe of Duſt,
And make it fit for thee.
Teach me that Leſſon which doth ſtill remain,
With dayly Tears to waſh my dayly ſtain.

Repentance ſhould appear before I die ;
Nor can I know the when
My dying-day ſhall come, or when I flie
From hence to thee agen :
Therefore give me Repentance ev'ry day,
So ſhall my flight be clear, and thou my way.

No better ſhowers extinguiſh can the flames
Of Hell, than ſinners Tears.
Begin betimes, truſt not to after-games,
Forthey bring after-fears.
Have little cauſe to ſay, Wo's me, that I,
Who liv'd a ſinner, muſt a ſinner die.

We all are apt to think it is too ſoon
Repentance to begin ;

We put it off from morning until noon,
From thence do farther ſpin;
Whenas we hourly ſhould prepare a room
To entertain our God when he ſhall come.

Beda makes mention of a certain man,
Who lying very ſick,
Was counſell'd by his Friends his life to ſcan,
And to repent, while quick:
Who ſaid, His ſins he would not yet ſhake off,
Leſt if he ſhould recover, then a ſcoff

To his Companions he himſelf ſhould make:
But ſtill he waxed worſe;
His Friends then counſell'd him again to take
Repentance, not his Curſe:
He anſwered them, That then it was too late,
For he was plung'd in a condemn'd eſtate.

Better it is by far from ſin to flie,
Than lack Repentant cure;
For he that hath no wounds fears not to die,
But liveth ſafe and ſure.
'Tis good for any man, more for his eaſe,
Neither to know the Cure nor the Diſeaſe.

On the Day of Judgment.

AH, come it will, that dreadful day,
Which ſhall the World in Aſhes lay.
As *David* and the Sibyl both could ſay.
How men will tremble and grow pale
When Juſtice comes with Sword and Scale,
To weigh the faults, and ſort the fates of all!
A Trumpet firſt ſhall rend the Skies,
And all, whereever laid, muſt riſe,
And come unto the Bar in Priſoners guiſe.
Nature and Death amaz'd will ſtand
To ſee each one rebodied, and
Brought to reply himſelf to each demand.

A written Book lie open ſhall,
Containing each ones Charge; and all
By thoſe grand Evidences ſtand or fall.
Then ſits the Judge himſelf, and tries;
No ſhifting from All-ſeeing eyes,
Nor ſcaping ſeen, whoe're deſerves it dies.
Oh then poor I! what ſhall I do?
Which Friend or Patron take me to,
When Saints themſelves are ſcarce ſecure from wo?
Dread Lord, to thee thy ſelf run I,
Who ſav'ſt the ſav'd without a why,
And ſo mayſt me, thou ſource of Clemencie.
Think, who did once thy pity move,
And drew thee from thy Throne above,
Caſt me not off at laſt, thy former Love.
Thou tir'dſt thy ſelf in ſeeking me,
And for my ſake di'dſt on a Tree;
Let not in vain ſuch pangs and labour be.
True, thou haſt dealt thy mercies home,
Yet acts of grace mayſt deign to ſome
At leaſt, before that day of Reckoning come.
I guilty am e're thou me try,
My looks and bluſhes me deſcry;
But Mercy, Lord, O Lord, do not deny.
Thou, who didſt once a *Magd'len* ſpare,
And of a Thief condemn'd took'ſt care,
Bidſt me, by theſe examples, not deſpair.
Not that my Prayers ought can claim,
But thou art good, be ſtill the ſame,
That wretched I burn not in endleſs flame.
When from the Goats thou ſhalt divide
Thy Sheep, let me with thee abide,
Plac'd in Eternal Bliſs, on thy right ſide:
And then (thoſe great aſſizes done,
The Curs'd to flames tormenting thrown)
Say, *Come ye bleſſed*, meaning me for one.
Lord, this I beg on bended knee,
With heart contrite as aſhes be,
That thou take care both of my end and me.

On Sighs and Groans.

Sigh on, ſad Heart, as hard as Diamond-ſtone,
At ev'ry breathing uſher forth a groan:
For ſuch, although thou doſt not ſpeak,
Sufficient are thy minde to break.

Or if thy groans are ſmothered with grief,
And ſteal out ſoftly as a cunning thief,
God hears and underſtands the cry
Better than he that lets them fly.

For many ſighs and groans are poured out,
Loaded with thoughts; ſo that this heavy ſcout
Hath ſuch an Errand then to tell,
Where to begin he knows not well.

God hath a Bottle for the ſinners Tear,
And ready is (as we to ſpeak) to hear:
Heav'n is attentive to a ſinners ſute,
And ſighs are vocal, though the tongue be mute.

Knots.

WHo reads a Chapter when to bed,
Shall not have Aches in his head.

Who opes his Purſe unto the Poor,
Shall finde it filling more and more.

Whoſe heart and tongue obey God's Word,
Both beats the buſh and gets the bird.

Who keeps his thoughts from things amiſs,
Is thinking on his way to Bliſs.

Who keeps his Conſcience pure and clear,
Is always feaſting year by year.

Whoſe ſtomach doth for Dainties crave,
With his own teeth doth dig his Grave.

Who loves his Humour to fulfil,
His Humour is himſelf to kill.

Who doth aſpire be great and tall,
Should carefully beware a fall.

Who with good works delights to dwell,
Sails fair for Heaven, far from Hell.

¶ On Age.

THe Painter's Pencil ſure muſt go aſtray
In painting to the life a lump of Clay,
Who does but ſeem to live, dies every day.
How can he lively paint a man that hath
The cold effigies in his face of Death?

¶ On Man and Wife.

SIlence and Patience are the Twins that make
Concord 'twixt Couples never to forſake.
A Huſband good in Words ought to be wiſe,
In Converſation wary, hating lies:
Careful Proviſion ought he to provide,
In ordering circumſpect, a careful Guide;
A Father, Maſter, and a Friend beſide.

The

The good Wife, when abroad she should be grave,
Discreet in governing at home, and have
Patience to bridle Passions when they move,
Learning her Husband to obey and love:
Kinde to her Neighbours, courteous unto all;
Careful of Children, be they great or small.
But chiefly herein there should be no flaws,
She should her Husband fear, and he the Laws.

¶ The free Prisoner.

WHat though a Prisoner I am now?
Time doth allow
Instead of liberty, to walk,
To write, or talk.
What though Distempers make me sicken?
They do me quicken.
My body in confinement lies,
But my Soul flies.
What though by nature I am dumb?
Then I become
A silent sinner, and my tongue
Doth no man wrong.
Or what although I loose my sight?
Yet if the light
Of Divine Graces shine in me,
My Soul can see
Let sorrows come when God thinks best,
They are my Rest:
For in afflictions 'tis my Psalm,
The Bruise is Balm.
If I'm afflicted in this World,
I am but hurl'd
To Heaven, where all pleasures stand
At God's right hand.
Th'afflictions of this world of care
Cannot compare

To

To thoſe bleſt Manſions Chriſt hath wrought,
And dearly bought.
Dear may I ſay, becauſe his blood
Is that choice flood
That drowns my ſorrows and my grief,
Gives me relief.
Thus all things work together for their good,
That have lov'd God, and for his honour ſtood.
A Jayl's the centre of this Iron-age,
Yet not my Priſon, but mine Hermitage.
He that can boldly dare, yet juſtly do,
Fortune's his Subject, and his Vaſſal too.

¶ On Sunday.

THis is the day the Lord hath made,
Then let not Chriſtians be afraid;
Laying aſide all ſin,
Rejoyce therein.

The cleareſt radiant day that ſhines
Upon the Chriſtians golden Mines.
God's holy Torch and Light,
That leads aright.

The day of our Confeſſion,
The Eaſe of our Oppreſſion,
The day of Peace and Reſt,
Churches our Neſt.

A Light it is to all the Week,
A Summons to the Proud and Meek,
That ſays to Conſcience, Fie,
Ye go awry.

The day that pulleth man from Death,
And crowns his head with holy Wreath:
That guides him to his Grave,
Yet doth him ſave.

The Day of God, ſo God of Days,
It is above my reach of praiſe:
God's with his free accord
The Sabbaths Lord.

It is the Day-book of a Saint,
A Spring for thoſe that thirſt or faint:
Nor can we ſay there's one day
Like to Sunday;
But we'll ſuch thoughts in ſilence ſmother,
Till we can finde out ſuch another.

¶ The Petition.

STand by me, Lord, when dangers S T A R E;
Keep from my Fruit ſuch choaking T A R E,
That on Confuſion grounded ——— A R E.

Thou that from Bondage haſt me B R O U G H T,
And my deliverance haſt ——— R O U G H T,
'Tis thee that I will praiſe for —— O U G H T.

O Lord, to evil make me C H I L L,
Be thou my Rock and holy H I L L,
So ſhall I need to fear no I L L.

¶ Faith's Myſtery.

WIth all the pow'rs my poor Soul hath,
O humble Love, and loyal Faith;
Thus low, my God, I bow to thee,
Whom too much love bow'd low for me.

Down buſie Senſe, Diſcourſes die,
And all adore Faith's Myſterie.
Faith is my Skill, Faith can believe;
As faſt as Love, new Laws can give.

Faith is my eye, Faith ſtrength affords,
To keep pace with thoſe pow'rful words;
And words more ſure, more ſweet than they,
Love could not think, Truth could not ſay.

O dear Memorial of that death
Which ſtill ſurvives, and gives us breath,
Live ever, Bread of Life, and be
My Food, my Joy, my All to me.

Come, glorious Lord, my hopes increaſe,
And fill my Portion in thy Peace.
Come, hidden life, and that long day
For which I languiſh, come away.

¶ On the Judgment.

GReat God, that haſt at thy command
Both Leaden feet and Iron hand,
How ſhall I ſtand,
How can I look,
When thou call'ſt for thy Dreadful Book?

Oh, ſave me, Lord, I then ſhall ſay,
I do confeſs I went aſtray.
Thy Judgment ſtay;
O let thy Rod
Chaſtiſe with mercy, O my God.

O, Chriſt my Saviour, may it pleaſe
Thee, thy dear Father's wrath appeaſe,
And making peace,
Then I alwaies
Will ſtrive to magnifie thy praiſe.

Some, it is like, may ſhew a Book
So full of Blanks, that when you look
Thereon, a Rook
You'll think that man
That ſhews a Scrole with nothing on.

But ſo to do is highly vain :
For he that doth juſt Judgments rain,
Can ſee each ſtain,
Keeps juſt account
How ev'ry Sinner's ſins amount.

I am reſolv'd, when God doth call,
To hide not one, but ſhew him all
That wrought my fall ;
But if my will
Exceed my ſkill, Lord, do not kill.

¶ On the Phariſee and the Publican.

TWo men into the Temple went to pray ;
The one a Phariſee, who thus did ſay,
I thank thee, God, I am no common man,
No unjuſt perſon, *As this Publican*;
Twice in the week I faſt from my exceſs,
And *I give tythes of all that I poſſeſs.*
The humble Publican at diſtance ſtood,
With head and eyes dejected, as *if* food,
Or heavenly Manna then was to be found
Careleſsly ſcatter'd on the duſty ground :
But as in bitterneſs of Soul diſtreſt,
He with his hand ſmote on his troubled breaſt,
Of his Petition this was the beginner,
O God be merciful to me a ſinner:
The other ſhew'd (rather than Zeal) his pride,
But the poor Publican went juſtifi'd.
God doth delight the proud look to abaſe,
And on Humility beſtows his grace.

¶ To God the Father.

BEfore the cloſing of the day,
Creator, we thee humbly pray,
That for thy wonted mercies ſake,
Thou us into protection take.
May nothing in our mindes excite
Vain dreams and fantoms of the night.
Our Enemy repreſs, that ſo
Our bodies no uncleanneſs know.
To Jeſus, from a Virgin ſprung,
Be Glory given, and Praiſes ſung.
The like to God the Father be,
And holy Ghoſt eternallie.

¶ To God the Son.

LEt others take their courſe,
And ſing what Name they pleaſe;
Let Wealth or Beauty be their theam,
Such empty ſounds as theſe.
I never will admire
A lump of burniſh'd Clay;
For though it ſhines, it is but duſt,
And ſhall to duſt decay.
Sweet Jeſus is the Name
My Song ſhall ſtill adore;
Sweet Jeſus is the charming Word
That does my Life reſtore.
When I am dead in grief,
Or, what is worſe, in ſin,
I call on Jeſus, and he hears,
And I to live begin.

Where

Wherefore, to thee, bright Name,
Behold, thus low I bow,
And thus again; yet is all this
Nothing to what I owe.
Down then, down bow my knees
Still lower to the ground,
While with mine eyes and voice lift up,
Aloud theſe Lines I ſound:
Live Heaven's glorious King,
By Angels bright ador'd;
Live, gracious Saviour of the World,
Our chief and only Lord:
Live, and for ever may
Thy Throne eſtabliſh'd be;
For ever may all hearts and tongues
Sing Praiſes unto thee.

¶ To God the Holy Ghoſt.

COme into us, Holy Ghoſt,
From thy bright Cœleſtial coaſt,
Send us a reſplendant Beam:
Come, thou Father of the Poor,
Come, thou willing Gift-beſtow'r,
Come, thou heart-reviving Gleam.
Thou, of Comforters the beſt,
Thou, the Souls delightful Gueſt,
A refreſhing ſweet relief;
Thou in toyl a reſting ſeat,
Temper in exceſſive heat,
Solace to a Soul in grief.
O thou bleſſedeſt of Lights!
Thoſe that love t'obſerve thy Rites,
With thy ſelf their boſoms fill.
While thou'rt abſent, nothing can
Be regardable in man;
Nothing can be act but ill.

What is ſordid, mundifie;
Water, what is over-dry:
What is wounded, render ſound;
Pliant make what's hard to yield;
Cheriſh what with Cold is chil'd;
Govern what is vagabond.
In the faithful that confide
In thy mercies, cauſe reſide
All the train of Sev'n-fold Grace,
Give what Vertue's merit is,
Give th'accompliſhment of Bliſs,
Joys of an eternal Race. *Amen.*

¶ On the Holy *Trinity.*

IN Sacred ſheets of either Teſtament,
'Tis hard to finde an higher Argument,
More deep to ſound, more buſie to d ſcuſs,
More uſeful known, unknown more dangerous.

¶ On Chriſt's Nativity.

MYſterious Miracle! the ſame ſhould be
A Lamb, a Shepherd, and a Lion too!
Yet ſo was he
Whom firſt the Shepherds knew,
And readily became
Sheep to their Shepherd-Lamb.
Shepherd of Angels, Men; and Lamb of God,
Lion of *Judah:* by theſe Titles keep
The Wolf from all thy harmleſs Sheep.
Let the whole World flock to thy Fold,
Jews and *Gentiles*, may they all come
In multitudes not to be told,
Thy Lambs that wander bring them home.
Glory be to God on high,
Glory to the Deity.

¶ On

¶ On Christ's Triumph to *Jerusalem.*

BEhold, we stay ;
Lord, come away :
Thy Road is ready, and thy Paths made strait,
With languishing expect and wait
The Consecration of thy beauteous feet.
Ride on triumphantly ; see, Lord, we lay
Our carnal lusts and wills all in thy way.
Hosanna ! welcome to our hearts : Lo here
Thou hast a Temple too, and full as dear
As that of *Sion* ; but more full of sin,
Nothing but Thieves and Robbers dwell therein.
Then enter, Lord, chase them, and cleanse the floore ;
Crucifie all, that they may never more
Profane that holy place
Where thou hast chose to set thy face :
And if our stubborn tongues shall be
Mute in the praises of thy Deitie,
The stones from out the Temple-wall
Shall cry aloud and call,
Hosanna ! And thy glorious foot-steps greet.

¶ The Shepherds Dialogue.

In three parts.

1. COme, let us finde the Babe
That hath made
This our World so full of joy
And expectation ;
That glorious blessed boy
That crowns each Nation
With his triumphant Wreaths of blessedness.

2. Doubtleſs he is within the throng,
Juſt among
His Angels that divinely ſing,
Taking wing ;
So as to eccho to his voice,
They rejoyce
With Wing, with Tongue, and Heart,
That ſo they do perceive their happineſs.

3. But attended is as now
With a Cow;
The Ox and Mule do all behold
With wonder,
An homely Stable ſhould unfold
The Thunder.
Chor. What an Almighty God have we !
Great, great, as is our Miſerie.

¶ On Chriſt's Birth in an Inne.

BLeſs'd be that Virgin travel'd without pain,
And lodg'd within an Inne,
A ſplendid Star the ſigne :
No greater gueſt did ever come that way ;
For therein lay
The glorious Lord of Night and Day,
Who doth o're Heav'n and over Angels reign.
He came i'th' time of great *Auguſtus* tax ;
All cry'd, He comes
To pay the ſums,
Or ranſom of our loſt Humanitie,
To ſet us free
From an Impious Emperie
Of Satan, Sin, that then bore ſway.
Inſpire our Hearts to be thy lodging place;
In each ones breſt
Take up thy reſt :

Tem-

Temples are fitter for thee than an Inne,
And let not ſin
Profane the Sacred Deity within,
So to defile the Ornaments of Grace.

¶ Of Thoughts.

To think upon the Pow'r of God, doth awe me;
To think upon Gods Juſtice, doth affright me;
To think upon the Love of God, doth draw me;
To think upon God's Mercy, doth delight me:
To think upon God's Bounty, that doth pleaſe me;
To think upon God's Favour, doth endear me;
To think upon God's Goodneſs, much doth eaſe me;
To think upon God's Promiſes, doth chear me.
Thus thinking what I think, doth make me ſay,
The more I think, the more methinks I may.
Lord, let my thoughts ſo firmly fixed be,
That I may think on nothing more than thee.

¶ To the Creator.

DIvine Creator, bear in minde,
That thou, of our Corporeal kinde
The form didſt take, when heretofore:
'Twas thee a Sacred Virgin bore,
Bleſs'd *Mary*, pre-ordain'd to be
Mother of Grace and Clemencie:
Defend us from our mortal foe,
Receive us when from hence we go.
Jeſus, all glory to thy Name,
Born of a Virgin; and the ſame
To th'Holy Ghoſt, and Father be,
Through Ages to Eternitie.

¶ The Godly Garden.

A Godly heart's a Garden full of Flowers [flouriſh,
Well kept and trim'd, where Herbs of Grace do
Tears of unfeign'd Repentance are the ſhowers
That kindly do thoſe Herbs refreſh and nouriſh.
Faith is the Prime-roſe that doth firſt appear,
Which being rooted well, ſtands firm and faſt.
Then grows for ev'ry Seaſon of the year,
The choiceſt Flowers for odour, or for taſt.
If Weeds amongſt them ſpring to give offence,
The Gard'ner plucks them up, and caſts them thence.
Lord, give me Grace to keep my Garden ſo,
That nothing there but Herbs of Grace may grow.

¶ The Soul's Alarm.

AWake, my Soul, chaſe from thine eyes
This drowſie ſloath, and quickly riſe
Up, and to work apace.
No leſs than Kingdoms are prepar'd,
And endleſs Bliſs for their reward
Who finiſh well their race.
'Tis not ſo poor a thing to be
Servants to Heav'n, dear Lord, and thee,
As this fond World believes;
Not even here, where oft the wiſe
Are moſt expos'd to injuries,
And friendleſs vertue grieves.
Sometimes thy hand lets gently fall
A little drop that ſweetens all
The bitter of our Cup:
O what hereafter ſhall we be
When we ſhall have whole draughts of thee,
Brim-full, and drink them up!

Say

Say, happy Souls, whoſe thirſt now meets
The freſh and living ſtream of ſweets,
Which ſpring from that bleſs'd Throne;
Did you not finde this true, even here?
Do you not finde it truer there,
Now Heaven is all your own?
O yes, the ſweets we taſte exceed
All we can ſay, or you can read;
They fill, and never cloy.
On Earth our Cup was ſweet, but mix'd,
Here all is pure, refin'd, and fix'd;
All quinteſſence of Joy.
Hear'ſt thou, my Soul, what glorious things
The Church of Heav'n in triumph brings
Of their bleſs'd life above?
Chear thy faint hopes, and bid them live;
All theſe thy God to thee will give,
If thou embrace his love.
Great God of rich rewards, who thus
Haſt crown'd thy Saints, and wilt crown us,
As both to thee belong:
O may we both together ſing
Eternal praiſe to thee, our King,
In one eternal Song.

¶ On Greatneſs and Goodneſs.

GReatneſs is with a ſtrong deſire affected,
And often ſought with hazard, coſt, and pain.
Goodneſs, of greater worth, is leſs reſpected,
Priz'd as a thing both needleſs is, and vain.
Greatneſs aſpires, and ſets it ſelf on high,
While Goodneſs walks below with humble pace:
The firſt is follow'd with an Eagle's eye,
The laſt is thought unworthy of the Chace.
But Greatneſs ſeeks that which is tranſitory,
And Goodneſs aims at Grace, which leads to Glory.
Lord, let thy Grace my mundane thoughts defeat,
That I may ſtudy to be Good, not Great.

¶ The

¶ The Soul's Yearnings.

MY Soul pants towards thee,
My God, Fountain of Light and Life:
Fleſh ſtrives with me,
Conclude the ſtrife,
That ſo in bleſſed peace I may
Unclay
My Spirit; that done, ſwiftly take
My flight to thy refreſhing Spring,
Where for thy ſake,
Who art my King,
I may waſh all my griefs away
That day,
And conquer Sin and Death.
Thou great Triumpher o're the Grave,
Whoſe life and breath
Was ſpent to ſave
A wretched World, make me be ſtil'd
Thy Child;
And grant that when I die
And leave this World, that then my Soul
Above the Skie
Thou wilt enroul,
That in thy arms for ever I,
Even unto Eternity,
May lie.

¶ The Divine Inqueſt.

TEll me, you bright Stars that ſhine
Round about the Lamb's high Throne,
How though bodies once like mine,
How you are thus glorious grown?

Heark,

Heark, with one voice they reply,
This was all our happy ſkill:
We on Jeſus fix'd our eye,
And his em'nent followers ſtill.
As we clearly ſaw their mind
Set and rul'd, we order'd ours;
Both this ſtate alone deſign'd,
Up towards this ſtrain'd all our pow'rs.
Taught by Temp'rance, we abſtain'd
From all leſs for greater goods;
Slighting little drops, we gain'd
Full, and ſweet, and laſting floods.
Arm'd with Fortitude, we bare
Leſſer evils, worſe do flie;
Mortal Death we durſt out-dare,
Rather than for ever die.
Juſtice we obſerv'd, by giving
Ev'ry one their utmoſt due,
That in peace and order living,
All might freely Heav'n purſue.
Prudence govern'd all the reſt,
Prudence made us ſtill apply
What was fitteſt, what was beſt
To advance great Charity.
On thoſe golden wheels of Grace,
That Love's fiery Chariot bear,
We arriv'd at this bright place;
Follow us and never fear.
O ſure Truth, O bleſs'd Atteſters;
O that all the World may prove,
Of both theſe, ſuch ſtrong digeſters,
That both theſe may feed their love.
Him who made us all for this,
Him who made himſelf our way,
Him who leads us unto Bliſs,
May all praiſe, and all obey.

The Sinners Tears.

SHed forth apace, and make a Bath
To cure my Soul of ſin;
Haſte out, for God a bottle hath
To keep ye in.
Every Tear is worth a Crown;
It lifts the Soul to Heav'n,
Supports the ſame from ſinking down
To filthy Leav'n.
They're comfort to the Heart, they're eaſe,
Embaſſadors to God,
To beg he may his wrath appeaſe,
And ſpare his Rod.
They're holy Meſſengers of Saints,
Sent to him to impart.
They're godly ſorrows: each Tear paints
Their grief of heart.
Then flow amain, and weep thoſe fords
Or little Rivers dry,
And when I've vented all my hords,
Then I
Will groan becauſe no longer cry;
And die,
That I may live eternally.

On St. *John*'s day.

TO day
Let's ſing
Joy to the friend of Heaven's King.
He in his boſom lay,
Secur'd the Keys
Of his profound and hidden Myſteries.

Thoſe

Thoſe to the World diſpenſed by his hand,
Did make it ſtand
In admiration to behold that light
Happily came
From the Throne of the Lamb,
And to invite
Our ſinful eyes (which nothing elſe could ſee
But Fire and Sword, Hunger and Miſerie,)
Anticipating by their raviſh'd ſight
The beauty of Cœleſtial delight.
Great Lord of all, O hear me when I pray,
That when my heap of Clay
Shall fall away,
O let thy gracious hand ſupport me up,
That on the Lambs rich Viand I may ſup:
And that in this laſt ſupper I
May with thy friend in thy rich boſom lie
For ever, to eternitie.

¶ Acknowledgements.

MY God, had I my breath from thee,
This hour to ſpeak and ſing?
And ſhall my voice, and ſhall my ſong
Praiſe any but their King?
My God, had I my Soul from thee,
This pow'r to judge and chuſe?
And ſhall my Brain, and ſhall my Will
Their beſt to thee refuſe?
Alas, not this alone, or that,
Haſt thou beſtow'd on me;
But all I have, and all I hope,
I have, and hope from thee.
And more I have, and more I hope,
Than I can ſpeak or think;
Thy bleſſings firſt refreſh, then fill,
Then overflow the brink.

Glory

Glory to thee, Immortal God,
O great Co-equal Three:
As at the firſt beginning was,
May now and ever be.

¶ The Wiſh.

OH, that I once were in that City
Where Hallelujah is the Ditty,
Where Contemplation is the Diet;
Sure that's the place where man is quiet.
Oh, that I once were in that Court
Where all good Spirits do reſort,
Where Love, and Joy, and Grace abound;
Sure that's the place where man is crown'd.
Oh, that I once could fly the way
From my unfurniſh'd houſe of Clay;
For ſhould my Landlord ſue for Rent,
Too late it would be to repent:
But ſighs and tears will pay my ſcore;
He's merciful, and aſks no more.
Then whilſt thy Fountain hath one Tear to yield,
Weep, oh my Soul, and to th'*Elizium* field
Swim in a River of Repentant Tears;
Thy Rent is paid, and thou art freed from fears.

¶ The Caution.

OPen thine eyes, my Soul, and ſee
Once more the light returns to thee.
Look round about, and chuſe thy way
Thou meanſt to travel o're to day.
Think on the dangers thou mayſt meet,
And always watch thy ſliding feet.

Think

Think where thou once haſt fall'n before,
Obſerve the place, and ſin no more.
Think on the helps thy God beſtows,
Contrive to ſteer thy life by thoſe.
Think on the ſweets thy Soul doth feel
When thou doſt well, and do ſo ſtill.
Think on thoſe pains that ſhall torment
Thoſe ſinners bold that never repent.
Think on the joys that wait above,
To crown the head of holy Love.
Think what at laſt will be thy part,
If thou go'ſt on where now thou art.
See Life, and Death, ſet thee to chuſe;
One thou muſt take, and one refuſe.
O Lord, be thou my perfect Guide,
So ſhall I never ſtep aſide.
Still make me walk, ſtill make me tend;
Be thee my way to thee my end.
All Glory to the ſacred Three,
One undivided Deity:
As it hath been in Ages gone,
May now and ever ſtill be done.

¶ Of Life.

AN humane life is but a Play of Paſſion;
What is man's Mirth but Muſick of Diviſion?
Our Mothers Wombs the Tyring-houſes be,
To deck us up for Time's ſhort Tragedie:
The World's the Stage; Heav'n the Spectator is,
To ſit and judge who 'ts doth act amiſs:
The Clouds that ſhade us from the ſcorching Sun,
Are but drawn Curtains till the Play be done.

¶ The

¶ The Power of Prayer.

THe Sun by Pray'r did ceaſe his courſe, and ſtaid;
The hungry Lions fawn'd upon their Prey;
A Walled paſſage through the Sea it made;
From furious fire it baniſh'd heat away:
It ſhut the Heav'ns three years from giving Rain;
It open'd Heav'ns, and ſhow'rs pour'd down again.
O may our Pray'rs, dear Lord, approach to thee;
Petitions hear, and then propitious be.
Teach us to praiſe thy Name with one accord,
That we may ſing due praiſe to thee, O Lord.

¶ God and Cæſar.

Render to Cæſar, *and to God*, &c.

'TIs God's command we ſhould be juſt: why then
Let's not wrong him, giving his right to men.
Honour to God it is our due to render,
And *Cæſar*'s due we juſtly ought to tender.
To both we ſtand indebted; all we have
Muſt *Cæſar*'s be, if *Cæſar* pleaſe to crave.
What matter is it? wherein lies the odds?
We all are *Cæſar*'s, *Cæſar*'s all is Gods.

¶ Ga

Gabriel and *Mary.*

THe Salutation which the Angel brings,
Imports, that joys come and depart with wings.
Gab.— Hail, bleſſed *Mary*, never caſt thy mind
To trace the paſſage of this pleaſing wind.
Mary.-- What voice is this that calls me bleſſed? when--
Gab.—Stay, wandring thoughts, 'tis I: thou'rt bleſs'd
Bleſſed of women. [agen,
Mary.———— Oh, I faint, I die.
Gab.--Eternally thou liv'ſt: Again, 'tis I;
God hath thee favour'd ſo, as to entomb
A bleſſed Saviour in thy bleſſed Womb.
Mary.-- How ſhall this be? alas, my Lord, how can
I bear a Childe, that never knew a man,
But am a Virgin pure?
Gab.———— Farther attend:
Of his Dominions there ſhall be no end.
Thou ſhalt be ſhadow'd by the Holy One,
And what thou beareſt ſhall be call'd his Son.
Mary.- Then, Lord, behold thy Hand-maid, let it be
As thou haſt ſaid, All ſhall be bleſs'd in me:
That Angels may rejoyce, and Men may ſue;
That Devils may believe, and tremble too.

Judeth's Prayer.

THus lowly on my face, with Sack-cloath ſpread,
To God on high, with Aſhes on my head,
I come to pay my Vows; to him alone,
The Lord God of my Father *Simeon*,
Who with his Sword became a juſt Revenger
On a (Virginity) polluting ſtranger.

O Lord, my God, I pray thee bow thine ears
Unto my Pray'rs, accompani'd with tears.
The Widow of *Manaſſes* lifts her voice,
Let all that put their truſt in thee, rejoyce.
Behold, O God, (though Enemies may ſmile)
An Iſraelite in whom there is no guile;
To thee I truſt; Experience teacheth well,
They're not all Iſrael are of Iſrael.
Th'*Aſſyrians* do multiply each hour
With Horſe and man; they glory in their pow'r;
They truſt in Shield, in Spear, in Bowe, and Sling,
Not knowing thee the Lord, whoſe breath can bring
Deſtruction to them all, and lay their Fame
In Aſhes; God, the Lord it is thy Name.
Gird me with ſtrength unto the Battel, Lord,
Teach me to manage *Holofernes* Sword;
Turn thou its edge until, at thy command,
Thy ſervant *Judeth* take it in her hand;
Then be my Battel-ax, for, Lord, with thee
I'll Kingdoms ruine, and make Nations flee:
The Horſe-man and his Rider ſhall no more
Iſ'rel defie; their Captains ſhall adore
Nebuchadonezor no longer; for thy Rod
Shall make them underſtand that thou art God.
I, though a widow, have conceiv'd a pow'r;
But my deſignes lie harbour'd in a Bower
Of pleaſing fancies: for, O Lord, at length
I muſt to thee for Judgment and for Strength.
Let my deceitful lips finde craft to ſmite
Th'*Aſſyrian* Prince, and thoſe in him delight:
Bring down their pride, that they may underſtand
Thou canſt work wonders by a womans hand:
For, Lord, thy power is not bound by ſcope,
Thou ſav'ſt in dangers when there is no hope;
And in thy Name I'll go, and dare to do,
That thoſe
Thy Foes
Shall fear and tremble too.

¶ *Judeth* and *Holofernes.*

Hol. BE of good comfort, woman, let not fear
Preſume to have an habitation here:
I never injur'd any man or thing
That willing was to ſerve the Earth's chief King.
What now is hapned to thy people, they
By their perverſeneſs have hewn out the way:
But, faireſt of your Country, let me know
Whither your wandring Beauty means to go?
And why thou fledſt to us, leaving thoſe whom
Dame Nature hath commanded from thy Womb,
Thy name in golden Letters to entomb?
Jud. Receive the Cauſe thy Hand-maid ſhall relate,
Who will reſolve in truth the ſame to ſtate:
Follow the way thy ſervant ſhall direct,
And God will thee undoubtedly reſpect.
As lives *Nebuchodonozor* thy King,
Who ſent thee to ſupport each living thing;
Man ſhall obedience pay to thee, and all
The Beaſts, Fowls of the Air, and Cattel, ſhall
Live under thy command: for we have hear'd
Thy wiſdome makes thine Enemies afeard.
Moſt true it is, a Sword is not the Rod
Can ſcourge our Nation, till againſt their God
They ſin: Now Death hath got the upper hand,
Their Meat and Water fail, they're at a ſtand
What to do next, and do reſolve to cauſe
Some things to be conſumed, which the Laws
Of God have held unlawful; Tenths or Oyl
Which was once for the Prieſts, is now for ſpoil.
A Licenſe from the Senate they expect,
As if that Cloak can cover their neglect:
Now when 'tis brought, they'll doat without delay,
And Juſtice ſhall condemn them that ſame day.

And

And I thine Hand-maid, knowing this, am fled,
To work ſuch wonders with thee, when they're ſpread,
Thoſe that ſhall hear, ſhall ſtand aſtoniſhed.
Thy ſervant ſerveth God both day and night,
And is religious, truſting in his might.
Let then thine Hand-maid to the Valley go,
And pray to God, then ſhall ſhe ſurely know
The time that they intend to act their ſin,
And conſequently when thou may'ſt begin
To ſeize upon *Judea* for thine own,
And make their great ones to become as none.
And it ſhall come to paſs that there ſhall be
Not one ſhall dare to lift his hand to thee.
Thus will I lead thee through the midſt of them,
Until thou com'ſt before *Jeruſalem*;
And in the midſt thereof thy Throne ſhall ſtand,
And give to Nations far and neer, command.
Hol. God's ſtrength be with thee; ſure he ſent thee here
T'encourage us, and put our foes in fear.
Your Beauty and your wiſdome do conſpire,
The World ſhould *Judeth*'s vertuous name admire.
Proceed, fair Lady; ſurely if thou do
As thou haſt ſpoken, then will I be true
To thee, and to thy God, and thou ſhalt dwell
With *Nebuchodonozor*. We will tell
The Nations how thy Vertues do excel.
Here's Wine enough; when this is gone, we'll then
Revive the Banquet with the blood of men.
Jud. My Lord, now will I drink, becauſe my ſtate
Is more by much exalted now of late
Then e're it was, ſince Nature did diſplay
Over mine eyes the banner of the day.
Hol. This Wine benums my joynts, my limbs do feel
As if each one would with the other reel.
Since ſo it is, I'll ſtretch me on my bed.
Jud. Do ſo, my Lord—— And I'll ſecure thy head:
Thou need'ſt not fear thoſe at *Jeruſalem*;
They ſhall not come to thee, thou go'ſt to them:

Ju-

¶ *Judeth*'s Song of Thankſgiving.

WIth Timbrels and with Cymbals raiſe
A tune, wherewith our God to praiſe:
Divinity, afford me Balm
For ſins, and ſkill to ſing a Pſalm
Of praiſe to God did Heaven frame.
Exalt him, call upon his Name:
He breaks the Battels of the ſtrong,
And I that was the Camps among
Of proud King *Aſſur*, even then
When *Iſrael* ſeem'd a Prey to men,
Then did the Lord direct my ways;
I came from thence to ſing his praiſe.
Out of the Mountains from the North
The Enemy came thundring forth.
Their ſtrength did threaten diſmal ills,
Their numbers covered the hills;
He brag'd he would my Borders burn,
And make *Jeruſalem* an Urn;
And kill my young men with the Sword,
Daſh Infants brains againſt the board,
And make my Virgins prove their ſpoil;
But God prevented hath their toyl:
A Female hand
By his command
Hath conquer'd the *Aſſyrian* Land.
Our mighty foe, he did not fight,
Nor did the Sons of *Titans* ſmite:
Neither did Giants force his care,
But Beauty was his only ſnare.
The daughter of *Merari* went
With reſolution to the tent
Of *Holofernes*, drank him dead,
And ſafely brought away his head.
Thus, Lord, I ventur'd to commit
Two ſins, and ſacrifice my Wit.

But

But with a chaſt and holy eye
I ſhun'd ways of Carnality.
My people, Lord, I knew ſhould live,
And thou art *ready to forgive.*
I boldly went, was not afraid,
Becauſe aſſured of thine aid;
And to allure, I thought it good
The Garments of my Widowhood
To lay aſide, and did attire
My head, to raiſe my beauty higher.
My Sandals raviſhed his eyes,
And he became my beauties prize:
For then to give his pride a check,
I ſtrook his Fauſchin through his neck;
Which act did make
The *Perſians* quake;
The *Medes* ſtout hearts did likewiſe ake.
Thus my exterminating arm,
By inſpiration, did alarm
A mighty Hoſt, and did deſtroy
Their chief Commander, once their Joy.
A new Song to the Lord I'll ſing:
Thou art a great and glorious King,
Wonderful in ſtrength and might,
Invincible, the God of Fight:
To praiſe thy Name all things accord,
For thou mad'ſt all things with a word:
In thee all Creatures ſhall rejoyce,
Not any can reſiſt thy voice.
Mountains and Waters ſhall remove,
Rocks melt as wax, if they not love.
Shall man be ſubject to obey,
And his Inferiours go aſtray?
Do we not ſee, year after year,
God's merciful to them that fear?
All Sacrifice too little is
For him that is the God of Bliſs.
The ſavour of the heart is ſweet,
And he that fears the Lord is great.

Wo to thoſe Nations that ariſe
Againſt my Kindred: they a prize
Shall be to Worms; their fleſh, as meat,
The Ravens of the field ſhall eat,
Whilſt in *Bethulia* all my days
I'll ſpend to celebrate his praiſe.

¶ On Man's Creation.

WE were created with a Word, a Breath;
Redeemed with no leſs than Blood and Death:
How much a greater labour is it then,
Sinners to cleanſe, or breathe Souls into men?

¶ The Mornings Ejaculation.

NOw, that the Day-ſtar doth ariſe,
Beg we of God with humble cries,
All hurtful things to keep away,
Whilſt we in duty ſpend the day:
Our tongues to guide ſo, that no ſtrife
May breed diſquiet in our life:
To ſhut the caſement of our eye,
Leſt it admit of vanity;
Preſerve the heart both pure and free
From vain, and troubled phantaſie:
To tame proud fleſh, while we deny it
A full cup, and a wanton diet;
That when the day-light ſhall go out,
Time bringing on the night about,
We, by leaving worldly ways,
May in ſilence ſing God's praiſe.

¶ The Evenings Ejaculation.

O Lord, now night's return'd again,
Our Bodies and our Souls refrain
From being soil'd with filthy stain.

Let not dull sleep oppress our eyes,
Nor us, the enemy surprize;
Nor fearful dreams our minde affright,
While the blackness of the night
Holds from us the cheerful light.

To thee, who dost by rest renew
Our wasted strength, we humbly sue,
That when we shall enclose our eyes,
Pure and chast we may arise,
Making Morning-Sacrifice.

All honour, Lord, to thee be done,
Thou ever-blessed Virgins Son;
With the Father and the Spirit,
As is thine eternal merit,
E're and ever to inherit.

¶ On Tears.

TEars! the sweet Musick of harmonious Souls;
Angels rejoyce, and ready are in shouls
To dance thereto; it is their heavnly skill,
Their Master's bottle, with such pearls to fill:
And when the Soul in Sin's consumption lies,
No Balsam's better than the briny eyes.
God loves not waters of a common ford;
All Rivers are not pleasing to the Lord.

When *Eſau* wept, it was to think upon
His Brothers fraud; with indignation
His Tears were mix'd, his whiſpring thoughts within,
Cry'd, 'Tis my loſs I prize beyond my ſin.
Tears of Diſſimulation too, invite
Men to believe, God knows the Hypocrite.
When in devotion we our Caſe impart,
We ſhould remember, God requires the heart.
Tears of Contrition give the piercing voice,
At which both God and Angels do rejoyce:
Such as were *Mary Magdalens*, who ſpent
Full thirty years in weeping, to repent.
St. *Peter* likewiſe, waking, look'd as ſleeping,
His face b'ing ſurrow'd with continual weeping.
The Spouſe, of whom in *Canticles*, her fears,
Like pools of *Heſhbon*, glaz'd her eyes with Tears.
As Muſick on the water ſounds more ſweet
Than on the land, ſo Pray'rs, with Tears, they greet
Almighty God with prevalence: all hours
God liſtens to effectual Oratours.
Then let our Tears into a deluge flow,
To drown our ſins, and waſh away our woe:
May they ſhoot forth like ſhowers in the Spring,
To bathe our Souls in; 'tis an Offering
Well pleaſing to the Lord. When *Peter* wept,
He look'd more lovely than as when he ſlept.
David pathetically ever ſung,
When Heart and Harp with Penitence was ſtrung:
When to repoſe he laid his weari'd head,
Not Diamonds, but Tears adorn'd his bed.
And in the ſacred Quire there's much more mirth
For one repentant ſinner (ſo by birth)
Than perſons juſt, Repentance needing none,
Though of an hundred there ſhould want but one.
To Heav'n comes none but what are pure and cleer;
Heaven would not be Heav'n, if Sin were there.

¶ On Humane Frailty.

THe World's a Monster,
And a humane life
So full of strife,
That a dry morsel better may suffice
With quiet, than contentions sacrifice.
Man is conceiv'd
In sin; when born
Become a scorn;
Addicts himself to vanities and lyes;
Poysons himself with sin, then bursts, and dies.
Then, O my Soul,
That thou may'st thrive,
Fix thus to live:
Serve God, and love thy Neighbour; not for gains,
Self-service will but cheat thee for thy pains.
Consider well,
Thou canst not buy
Eternity,
But pious Pray'rs and Tears must be thy cost;
For Heav'n is not so soon obtain'd as lost.
Prepare thy heart,
For that's the room
Where God must come:
Then mind not things that are but transitory,
But entertain thy God, the King of Glory.
He when he comes
Will be thy Guest,
Himself the Feast.
Of Earth no expectation thou canst have,
But live a sinner, to become a slave.

¶ O

On the worth of Wealth.

THe good that is in Riches doth conſiſt
In the right uſe thereof: for if we liſt
To ſhew it in its luſtre and its worth,
It muſt be us'd like Ointment poured forth.
The womans box, if it had not been broke,
Its vertue (like the dumb) had never ſpoke.
So hoarded Wealth that hath much labour coſt,
By being ſo recluſe, its worth is loſt:
The ſweet refreſhments of thoſe glittering Embers
Infuſe a heat in Chriſt's diſtreſſed Members.
He that is covetous may juſtly write
On rufty heaps, *This ore corrupts my ſight:*
They breed but Care, and are for nothing good;
Might cloath the Naked, finde the Hungry food.
Chryſoſtome well obſerves, he is not rich
That lays up much: He is more happy which
Doth much lay our, but not in ways profuſe;
It's all one, not to have, and not to uſe.
He that relieves the Poor with what he hath,
Makes for himſelf a purging healing Bath.
He that hath pity on the poor, doth lend
Unto the Lord: and God's our firmeſt friend.

On Formal duty.

TRadition doth of *Ovid* thus relate:
His Father with him holding ſtrict debate
On Poetry, commanded him rehearſe
The profits (not the pleaſures) of a Verſe,
By words as well as frowns, did plainly threat.
Ovid, when thus in danger to be beat,

Beg'd mercy of his Father for his Crime;
But in his begging made this warbling Rhyme:
Father, on me pity take,
Verſes I no more will make.
How many promiſes, Lord, do I gather,
When I in Prayer petition thee, my Father?
I promiſe to forſake all ſinful ſnares,
And yet I ſin, even when I ſay my Prayers.
The weakneſs of my Prayer, time being ſpilt
In vain, ſerves only to increaſe my guilt:
For when at Prayers I ſeem to wiſh them paſt,
As *Jews* the Paſs-over did eat in haſt.
Bodily-motion is the cauſe of heat;
But in Devotion we ſhould ſigh, not ſweat.

¶ Advice to Priſoners.

A Priſon is a Cage of certain Cares,
Whoſe Birds ſing tunes of Diſcords and Deſpairs.
So fares it in this fickle World;
Man's like a Foot-ball toſs'd and hurl'd:
Even the Poor and honeſt Priſoners lie
Like ſilver Swans, to ſing their laſt, and die.

But what's a Priſon when the Soul is free?
A Jayl is but the World's Epitome:
There ye contemplate how to lie
I'th'Grave, before ye come to die;
Whilſt others heaping up their ſtores of Pelf,
Have no more land, when dead, than you your ſelf.

Conſider, there are thouſands are ſo low,
That they'd be glad to be as ye are now.
Your want of Liberty's a Rod
To ſcourge you neerer to your God.
Thus Providence to Priſoners is moſt kinde,
Their eyes to open, leaving others blinde.

What's

What's your Confinement but a certain Rule
That leads to Happineſs, Afflictions School?
To know no ſorrow, is no more
Than to be equal with a Boar.
A Priſon is an honourable Jayl,
When a cleer Conſcience is the Pris'ners Bayl.

Let Reaſon be your Vertue and your Guide;
Impatience will but make your Wounds more wide.
If any be afflicted, pray:
It is to ſorrows an allay.
Is any merry? let this be his Pſalm;
Strike harder, Fate, for every Bruiſe is Balm.

Since by misfortunes it is ſo decreed,
That ye ſhould all things (but a Priſon) need,
Grieve not at ſorrows come to day,
To morrow they may paſs away.
To be dejected is but to deprive
Your ſelves of finding out a means to thrive.

If you're deſpiſed, pity thoſe poor Elves
That laugh at you before they know themſelves.
You have paid dear to know your Doom;
To morrow theirs perhaps may come.
He that can glory in his large Eſtate,
Is but a ſubject (as your ſelf) to Fate.

Happy's that Pris'ner that can live above
The reach of Malice, or intrigues of Love.
There's no light object to pervert
The candour of an upright heart.
Thoſe Iron-bars that do your bodies hold,
Are far leſs burthenſom than Chains of Gold.

Where Care will help, there have a careful heart;
Where Care will not, ne're act a fooliſh part:
For all the help that Care can do,
Is but to make one Sorrow two.
Dine not with Care, but modeſtly be jolly:
To be more wretched than ye need, is folly.

On Vain-glory.

IN his devotions unto God, the Lord,
He gives no Alms unleſs upon Record;
And if his good deed happens to appear,
'Tis often ſent to the Almighty's ear:
Phariſee-like, Behold, Lord, all my ſtore,
Half of the whole I give unto the Poor.
Twice in the week I faſt, and do beſtow
My Alms on thoſe whom I deſerving know.
If an ill fortune doth moleſt his minde,
He's apt to think God ſhews himſelf unkinde;
As if it were decreed he ſhould inherit
Heaven, therefore upbraids God with his merit.
He can fulfil Commandements, to try
An earning God with ſuperfluity.
In pious bounties lies upon the lurch,
And writes them in the windows of the Church.
Bare heads in concourſe of a publick ſtreet,
Tickles his fancy more than doth his meat.
Stands at his door taking his Fork from ſheath,
And though his ſtomach's empty, picks his teeth.
And when abroad, he's firſt that doth begin
To call for Pheaſants at a common Inne:
Cheapens rich Jewels, ſlighting thoſe are worſe,
Although he hath no Earneſt in his purſe.
He's ever on the ſtage to ſhew his Art,
And when abroad, ſtill acts a glorious part:
Thinks all men view the Vertues of his mind,
When he's indeed a Bladder full of wind;
Skin full of words, unneceſſary tool,
The Fool's great Idol, and the Wiſe man's Fool.
He that is truly wiſe is ſilent found;
The emptineſs of knowledge makes a ſound.

On

¶ On Peace.

I Sought for Peace, but could not finde;
I ſought it in the City,
But they were of another minde;
The more's the pity.
I ſought for Peace of Country ſwain,
But yet I could not finde,
So I returning home again,
Leſt Peace behinde.
Sweet Peace, where doſt thou dwell? ſaid I,
Methought a voice was given,
Peace dwelt not here, long ſince did fly
To God in Heaven.
Thought I, this Eccho is but vain,
To folly 'tis of Kin:
Anon I heard it tell me plain,
'Twas kill'd by ſin.
Then I believ'd the former voice,
And reſted well content,
Lay down and ſlept, roſe, did rejoyce,
And then to Heaven went;
There I inquir'd for Peace, and found it true;
An Heav'nly Plant it was, and ſweetly grew.

¶ Prayer for Peace.

BLeſſed Saviour, God of Peace,
When ſtorms ariſe, or ſhall increaſe,
Say thou the word, and they ſhall ceaſe.
Allay their fury, quench their rage,
Whoſe factions would diſturb the Age,
Their fiery zeal do thou aſſwage.
Be thou a Comforter to thoſe
That never do the Truth oppoſe,
Them ſtrengthen, and convert their foes.

¶ On Mercy.

MErcy is comfort to the Poor;
'Tis that the Rich deſire:
Lord, we thy Mercies do implore;
'Tis that the Saints require.
Mercy it was that gave us life,
To move, to think, or ſay;
Mercy is Phyſick for our grief,
And teacheth us to pray.
O how can we for mercy call,
That have ſo wicked been!
Our Parents gave us ſuch a fall,
'Tis hard to riſe agen:
Yet 'tis for Mercy ſtill we crave,
'Tis that which muſt us raiſe;
Mercy firſt made, and now will ſave,
And teach us how to praiſe.
Our ſins increaſe more than our days,
Yet Mercy lets us live;
'Tis God that we for all muſt praiſe,
That doth theſe mercies give:
And ſhall we ſtill run on the ſcore,
Not paying any part
Of what we ought to him before?
He aſketh but a heart.
My Soul, pay what thou canſt of all thy ſtore;
He that pays nothing, ever owes the more.

¶ The

¶ The Swine.

LOrd, I am thine,
Although poſſeſt ;
O be thou mine,
And give ſome reſt
To me a beaſt.
O Chriſt, be good
To ſinful man,
And with thy blood,
Lord, waſh me clean :
Be thou my food,
My ſtaff, my ſtay ;
My King, my God,
And thee alway
I will obey.
Command my ſins into the Sea,
That I may praiſe and honour thee.

¶ The Penitent.

LOrd, I'm a ſinner, and my ſins increaſe
To ſuch an unknown ſum,
That ſhould my rockie heart and eyes,
lay, my whole Microcoſm, a flood become,
nd drown it ſelf in Tears, 'twould not ſuffice
To name my ſcore,
Not then to pay :
But, Lord, thy blood is my rich ſtore,
Thou art the Patron of the Poor ;
But all the Balſam of thy blood,
Alas, I know will do no good,
nleſs I waſh my griefs with Tears before.

O thou whoſe ſweet and penſive face
To laughter never gave a place,
Inſtruct mine eyes,
Without delay,
To melt away,
And then the leſs of Balſam will ſuffice.

¶ The Soul awaked.

LOrd, we again lift up our eyes,
And leave our ſluggiſh beds;
But why we wake, or why we riſe,
Comes ſeldom in our heads.
Is it to ſweat, and toyl for wealth,
Or ſport our time away,
That thou preſerv'ſt us ſtill in health,
And giv'ſt us this new day?
No, no, unſkilful Soul, not ſo,
Be not deceiv'd with toys;
Thy Lord's Commands more wiſely go,
And aim at higher joys:
They bid us wake to ſeek new Grace,
And ſome freſh vertue gain;
They call us up to mend our pace
Till we the prize attain.
That glorious Prize, for which all run
Who wiſely ſpend their breath;
Who, when this weary life is done,
Are ſure of Reſt in Death.
Not ſuch a reſt as here we prove,
Diſturb'd with Cares and Fears;
But endleſs Joy, and Peace, and Love,
The Pleaſures of the Spheres.
Glory to thee, O bounteous Lord,
Who giv'ſt to all things breath;
Glory to thee, Eternal Word,
Who ſav'ſt us by thy death.

Glory

Glory, O bleſſed Spirit, to thee,
Who fill'ſt our Souls with Love;
Glory to all the myſtick Three,
Who reign one God above.

St. *Paul*'s Petition.

FRom Enemies, where're they be,
My God, do thou deliver me:
From them that do againſt me riſe;
From private Foes inventing lyes;
From bloody men, who loving ſtriſe,
Endeavour to enſnare my life.
The Mighty are againſt me bent,
Becauſe I ſinn'd, and do repent.
Ariſe, and viſit with thy Rod
Thoſe Enemies of thine, O God;
Their follies ſhew, that they may be
At laſt, true followers of thee.

On the Conſcience.

COrruption now adays doth ſpring ſo faſt,
So regarded,
And rewarded,
That if my tender Conſcience would be ſold,
Or if for it a Diſpenſation
Could be but got,
I doubt it not,
I'd ſtore up wealth in this our Nation.
One ſpark of Flattery would ſo increaſe
My evil goods,
So that my woods
Would make a laſting fire, when I deceaſe.

The

The World's fond love might eaſily be bought,
If I could tell
The way to ſell
The little honeſty that I have got.
Were but this World my home, perhaps I might
Be apt to trade,
But here things fade:
Give me the Riches wherein Saints delight.
Though now I live in a corrupted Cell
Which doth annoy,
I would enjoy
The peace of Conſcience there where Angels dwell.
Love upon Earth is good wh lſt that doth laſt;
But the choice love
Of God above
Is everlaſting, and doth never waſt.
Tuſh, wicked World, Heav'n is my Merchandize;
If in my way
My ſight ſhould ſtray,
My home ſhall be the curtains of mine eyes.
A deſp'rate fate it is the Worldlings run,
A Pearl to ſell
To purchaſe Hell:
They muſt be great, or to be juſt undone.

St. *Auſtin*'s Prayer.

Recommended to the devout Chriſtian by *P. Urban* the 8th.

BEfore thy holy eyes, O Lord,
We ſinners heartily accord,
Humbly to own our griefs of heart
Are nothing to our juſt deſert.
The evils we have done, exceed
What we can write, or may be read.

Our

Our Conſciences our Souls affright,
And ſay, Thy Chaſtiſements are light.
We feel the puniſhments of ſin,
And yet we do perſiſt therein.
Weak Nature faints at ev'ry ſcourge,
Yet perverſe wills do dayly urge.
Our reſtleſs minds do ſtill provoke
Thy Juſtice, and deſpiſe thy Yoke.
We ſigh away our days in grief,
Yet ſorrow gives us ſmall relief:
For when our ſighs do once expire,
We wallow in our former mire.
If we repent, 'tis at a rate,
That we had need repent for that.
If thou revenge our ſtubbornneſs,
Thy Juſtice doth our hearts depreſs:
Thy anger fills our Souls with fears;
We weep, but ſoon forget our Tears.
If thou ſtretch out thy hand, we then
Promiſe to turn to Saints, from men;
But if thy Sword ſuſpenſion ſhows,
We then forget to pay our Vows.
If thou doſt ſtrike, we pardon crave;
And when thou pardon letſt us have,
We ſin again, and ne're give o're,
With provocations more and more.
Thus we our guilty ſelves accuſe,
Thus we thy mercies do abuſe;
Yet Mercy, Mercy, ſtill we cry,
Or we are drench'd in miſery.
Then, Lord, O let thy goodneſs give
Thoſe ſtreams by which the Angels live;
Our Souls inſpire, amend our days;
Touch thou our tongues, and we ſhall praiſe.
All glory be to God on high,
The Father of Eternity,
To Three in One, and One in Three.

The Believer.

HAppy is he that doth
The truth
Believe; for he it is
Shall kiſs
The Son of Righteouſneſs, ſhall ſurely come
By his believing, to believers home.
Let thy belief be true;
But few
There are that do make that
Their State.
Abraham left a Pattern good behinde him;
But few there are that ſeek him, leſs that finde him.
I do believe a Tree
Will be
Pleaſantly green, when I
With eye
In Winter judge how leaveleſs then it ſtood;
But I confirm it when I ſee the Bud.
In *Thomas* 'twas a fault
To hault
In waving Faith, until
His will
Was ſatisfied; but 'twould a madneſs been
So to continue, having felt and ſeen.
Belief, it may indeed
Exceed
The ſtrength of Reaſon, yet
Doth let
No oppoſition in: Faith likewiſe will ſuſpence,
'Twill get above, but not againſt the Senſe.
Whilſt Faith aſſures I eat
My ſweet
Redeemer, with direct
Effect,
Senſe cannot ſo in ignorance allure me,
As that I eat not bread, but will aſſure me.

Al-

Although I ſee not all that I believe,
Yet thoſe things that I ſee I muſt believe.
Chriſtians muſt guard their mouths, and watch their [actions;
Be pure in heart, and keep their faiths from factions.

¶ On Chriſt's Nativity expected.

WHen, bleſſed Lord, ſhall we
Our ſafe Salvation ſee?
Dear Lord, ariſe,
For our faint eyes
Have long'd all night, and 'twas a long night too:
Poor man could never ſay,
He ſaw more than a day,
One day of *Eden*'s ſeven;
The guilty hours were blaſted with the breath
Of ſin and death,
And have e're ſince worn a Nocturnal hue.
But in thy birth is hopes, that we
At length a ſplendid day ſhall ſee.
Wherein each poor neglected place,
Grac'd with the Aſpect of thy face,
Shall gliſter like the porch and gate of Heav'n.
How long, bleſs'd Lord, how long?
The Nations thirſt, and throng:
All humane kinde
Are now combinde
Into one body, wanting thee, their Head.
Large is our multitude,
And almoſt vile and rude,
Headleſs, Great God, for lack of thee,
Unhappy for the want of thy bleſs'd face;
Then come apace,
And thy bright ſelf to our dull body wed,
That thorough thy Almighty power,
Each part that hath confuſion wore,
May order take, ſo to appear
Freſh as the dawning of the year,
When thou, dear Lord, ſhalt ſo united be.

¶ The

¶ The Call.

COme away, my Lord, my Life,
Thy presence doth preserve from strife.
Come away, my Lord, my Way,
Thy presence teacheth to obey.
Come away, my Lord, my Truth,
Thy presence turneth Age to Youth.
Come away, my Lord, my Light,
Thou dost both Sin and Satan fright.
Come away, my Lord, my Feast,
That my poor Soul may be thy Guest.
Come away, my Lord, my Strength,
By thee my days have health and length.
Come away, my holy Joy,
Guard my Rejoycings from annoy.
Come away, my dearest Love,
Lord, let my Call thy presence move.
Come away, Divinest Lamb,
My sins deface, that seek to damn.
Come, my Shepherd, come away,
Thy Flock in danger are to stray.
Come, my Safeguard, and my Shield,
In Fights assist me, lest I yield.
Come away,
Lord, hear my Call;
Make no stay,
Thou *All in All.*

¶ The Extasie.

SUch a Lord and such a Life,
Whose presence bringeth Pleasures rise.
Such a way as leads to Bliss,
Who walks therein can't walk amiss.

Such

Such a Truth whoſe Ray defies
The Father and the Prince of Lyes.
Such a Light as leads us to
Eternal Comforts not a few.
Such a Feaſt as doth rejoyce,
Compounded of the beſt and choice.
Such a Strength as doth defend
Not for a day, but to the end.
Such a Joy that giveth ſtore
Of Pleaſures, laſting evermore.
Such a Love as heard my cry,
Though ſin made me his enemy:
Such a Lamb whoſe ſweet abode
Makes ev'ry Saint a Lamb of God.
Such a Shepherd of his Sheep,
There's none can ſtray whom he doth keep.
Shuch a Shield and ſuch a Sun,
Defends and ſhines till all is won.
Open, my heart, and ſuch a God receive;
He's *All in All* to them that do believe.

Delights of the Minde.

JEſus, the only thought of thee
Fills with delight my memorie;
But when thou doſt thy preſence ſhow,
Heav'n ſeems into my breaſt to flow.
No Theam ſo ſweet for voice can be,
Nor to the ear ſuch harmonie. –
No heart can thoughts for charming frame
As Jeſus his moſt pretious Name!
Jeſus, when for our ſins we grieve,
Thy mercies all our wants relieve.
O good to thoſe that ſeek thy Grace,
What art thou when they ſee thy face?
Jeſus, in whom we comfort finde,
Fountain of Life, Light of the Minde:

Thou

Thou doſt our hearts with comforts feed;
Our utmoſt wiſh thy gifts exceed.
No Eloquence of Tongue can teach,
Nor art of Pen this ſecret reach;
Only th'experienc'd Soul does prove
What ſweets they taſte who Jeſus love.
Him then I'll ſeek, retir'd apart,
Shutting the world out of my heart;
And midſt my buſineſs him I'll ſtrive,
With freſh purſuit ſtill to retrive.
Early with *Magdalen*, I'll come
A Pilgrim to my Saviour's Tomb;
Weeping my ſins in mournful cries,
I'll ſeek him with my minde, not eyes.
My Tears ſhall on his Grave diſtill,
And faithful Sighs the Garden fill:
Proſtrate before him on my face,
His ſacred feet I'll faſt embrace.
Jeſus, in thy bleſs'd ſteps I'll tread,
Striving to follow where they lead:
Nor ſhall my Soul give o're to mourn,
Till to thy favour I return.
O Jeſus, moſt admired King,
Who didſt triumph o'r deaths ſharp ſting,
Thy myſtick ſweetneſs firſt excites,
Then ſatisfies all appetites.
Thy quickning viſits Life beſtow,
Thy lights true good ſo cleerly ſhow,
That they who once have reliſh'd thee,
Know all the World's meer Vanitie.
Come then, dear Lord, poſſeſs our hearts,
Enflame our loves with thy chaſt darts;
All Clouds of errour drive away,
And change our Night to thy bright day.
To thee our hearts and voices ſing,
To thee our vows and pray'rs we bring;
That when we end this life's ſhort race,
In Heav'n with thee we may have place.

¶ On Death.

O *Death*, the Serpents Son,
Where is thy ſting? once like thy Sire,
With Helliſh torments, ever burning fire;
But thoſe dark days are gone.
Thy peeviſh ſpite buri'd thy ſting
In the ſacred and wide
Wound of a Saviour's ſide.
Now thou'rt become a tame and harmleſs thing,
A toy we ſcorn to fear:
For we hear
That our triumphant God to conquer thee
For the aſſault thou gav'ſt him on the Tree,
Hath took the keys of Hell out of thy hand,
And forc'd thee ſtand
As Porter to that gate of Life.
O thou who art the gate, be pleas'd that he,
When we ſhall die
And that way flie,
May ope the Courts of Heav'n to us through thee.

¶ On Judgment.

JUdge of the World, we wretched ſinners quake,
Our Conſciences do ake;
And well they may, whenas we think
Of the fierce dreadful fire
Of thine Ire,
And Phials thou ſhalt make
Us ſinners drink:
For thou the Wine-preſs of thy wrath wilt tread
With feet of lead.

Wretched

Wretched notorious duſt! what uncouth place
Can ſhelter from thy face?
The Earth will ſhrink out of thy ſight;
The Heavens too, that cannot erre,
Then ſhall fear
Thee and thy Laws, and from thee take their flight:
So burnt with glory, their bright eyes ſhall, dead,
Burſt from their head.
Great God, can we,
Thy Enemies, abide to ſee
Such a glorious Majeſty?
We beg thy mercy, Lord: Thy Judgment-ſeat
We dare not to intreat,
For we are all condemned there.
Lord, then O caſt a look
On thy Book
Of Life; behold, we read
A Saving Jeſus here,
And in that Name our ſure Salvation ſee:
Lord, make us free,
And croſs within
Our ſcores of ſin;
That cancel'd, all our debts are paid by thee.

¶ On Heaven.

BRight glorious Lord, uncircumſcribed Treaſure
Of everlaſting Pleaſure,
Thy Throne is placed far
Above the richeſt Star;
Where thou prepar'ſt a ſplendid place
Within the glory of thy face.
That each Spirit
May inherit,
Who builds his hopes upon thy merit,
And thee adores with holy charity.

No

No raviſh'd heart, ſeraphick tongue, or eyes
Inſpir'd, can once ſurmiſe,
Or ſpeak, or think, or ſee,
So bright Eternity.
The glorious King's tranſparent Throne
Is of pretious Jaſper-ſtone,
Where the eye
O'th' Chryſolite
With a Skie
Of Di'monds, Rubies, Chryſopraſe;
But above all, thy brighter face
Speaks an eternal Charity.
When thou thy Jewels bindeſt up, that day
Forget not us, we pray;
But there where the Beryl lies,
Chriſtal too, above the Skies,
That there thou mayſt afford us place
Within the glories of thy face,
And enroul
Each ones Soul
In the Scroul
Of Life and Bleſſedneſs, that we
May praiſe thy Name unto Eternitie.

¶ On Hell.

DIſmal darkneſs, ſad, and ſore,
An everlaſting Night;
Groans and Shrieks, when ſinners roar
In their abyſsful plight.
No corner there but hath a Snake
Breeding in the infernal Lake:
Heaps of Fire, and Beds of Snow,
Are the chief delights below.
A Viper ſpringing from the fire
Is his hire

That

That prizeth moments to Eternity.
O thou God of Day and Night,
Fountain of eternal light,
Allelujahs, Hymns, and Psalms,
Holy Coronets of Palms,
Adorn the Temple evermore.
Almighty God,
Let not thy Iron Rod
Bruise our bones with an eternal pressure;
Let thy mercy be the only measure.
If thou shouldst hoard up wrath in store,
We shall all die,
Not one be left to glorifie
The Lord, and tell
How thou preserved hast our Souls from Hell.

¶ The Salutation of Saints.

JEsus, who man's Redeemer art,
The solace of each godly heart;
The ransom'd World's great Architect,
Chast light of Souls which thee affect.
What mercy conquer'd thee, my God,
That thou wouldst bear our sinful load?
And innocent wouldst death endure,
That us from death thou mightst secure.
Still let commiseration press
To give our damages redress;
And by fruition of thy sight,
Inrich us with a blessed light.
Thou guide to Heav'n, and path to Rest,
Be thou the scope of ev'ry breast;
Be thou the comfort of our tears,
Our sweet reward above the Spheres.

¶ On

¶ On Pride.

THe proud man looks that ev'ry one ſhould ſhew
A Reverence to him, though none they owe.
'll value ſuch, as we do coyn, ſet forth
uſt what they go for, rather than their worth.
Pride unto Reaſon ſeemeth ever ſtrange;
s Reaſon abſent? there 'tis Pride doth range.
And then for Reaſon, there is none beſide
That is ſo highly oppoſite to Pride:
For Reaſon maketh Art Dame Nature's ape,
And Pride turns Nature out of Nature's ſhape.

¶ *Jeremiah*'s Lamentation For *Jeruſalem*'s Deſolation.

COnſider, Lord, the wretched, poor, and vile;
A glorious City! no, ſh'as loſt that ſtile;
She and her joys are under an Exile.
Behold, and ſee;
Thou, Lord, as in a Wine-preſs, haſt her trod,
And cruſh'd her Virgins with an Iron Rod:
Sin was the cauſe; but, Lord, thou art her God.
May it pleaſe thee,
To wipe away her Tears that do pour down,
Cauſe thou that art the Comforter, doſt frown;
O let repentant Tears offences drown,
And ſend relief.
O all ye paſſing by, behold her ſorrow;
Jeruſalem, *Jeruſalem* would borrow
Tears of ye all; but none will ſay, Good morrow;
The more's her grief.

Her Sucklings sigh, and cry for Corn and Wine,
Whilst she her self for want thereof doth pine.
Jerusalem, was ever grief like thine?
Behold, and weep;
She that was call'd the Joy of all the Earth,
Is Desolation now, and nothing worth:
Her sorrows to her Enemies are mirth.
Her Lovers sleep.
The apples of her eyes do finde no rest,
Their streams o'reflow the flood-gates; she's distrest,
And sorrow doth become a constant guest:
Doth never fail.
Her old and young ones, both lie on the ground;
Her Priests, and Prophets, thou dost deeply wound;
Terrours on ev'ry side beset her round
On hill and dale.
Wormwood besots, she seems as she were drunk;
This angry tempest hath her treasure shrunk;
She that was full of people, now is sunk,
And desolate.
Her Soul's remov'd from any glimpse of Peace;
Prosperity is fled; there doth increase
But sad effects of groans, which never cease;
Such is her fate.
They that on Delicates were wont to feed,
In Dust and Ashes now lament their need:
Jerusalem is bow'd, and broke indeed;
But God is just.
The Enemies they did her Maidens finde,
And ravished; her Young men forc'd to grinde:
Consider, Lord, how she with grief hath pinde
Upon the dust.
Remember, Lord, her Wormwood and her Gall;
Oh hear her sad complaints, and ease her thrall:
Lord, hear my Pray'rs and Tears, for her I call,
In mercy see.
Oh, lay that darksome Cloud from off thy face;
One smile will say, thou think'st upon her case:
Oh hear, and help her, Lord, of thy good grace,
Thou glorious Three.

Judg

Judge and revenge her cauſe, O Lord, my God;
Behold her ſcorners, how they mock and nod;
In mercy towards her withdraw thy Rod.
Lord, let her cry
Unto thee fly,
And let her not
Be quite forgot,
As if, O Lord, ſhe never were,
That ſhe may ſing
Of thee her King,
That unto thee none may compare.

¶ On Sin.

SIn is ſuch an uncouth thing,
I cannot well define it;
Death doth own it is his ſting,
God bids me undermine it.
But it ſo cunning is, that when
I think to win the day,
It now comes over, under then,
And blows my baits away.
It ſeiz'd my Parents, and beguil'd
More learned men than I;
And when I think it is moſt milde,
I have moſt cauſe to fly.
At Church when I Devotion have,
It hovers o're my book,
And bids me think upon my Grave,
And off the other look.
Inviſible it is, no doubt,
And felt before 'tis ſeen;
It ſubtilly can wheel about,
And like an Angel ſeem.
Good deeds I know accepted are,
And will be evermore;
But if I do not well, I fear
Sin lieth at the door.

Sin, as a Serpent, cunningly
Doth lurk upon the ſcout,
That if my foot but tread awry,
My ſins they finde me out.
If I with Brother break my word,
The fact may not be great;
But if I ſin againſt the Lord,
Who ſhall for me intreat?
Many the faults are of my Youth,
I have been oft miſled;
But they are bleſſed, ſaith the truth,
Whoſe ſin is covered.
Wherefore, O Lord, I will confeſs
What in thoſe days I did;
O grant thy merciful redreſs,
And let my ſins be hid.
But I with heart and knee will bow,
In duty to adore thee;
Then recollect, and ſtudy how
To ſet my ſins before me.
Shap'd in Iniquity I was,
A wretch of little worth:
In ſin my Mothers womb, alas,
Conceiv'd, and brought me forth.
Lord, with thy grace enrich my heart,
Take out the filth therein;
Let fools purſue their idle Art,
To make a mock at ſin.
Wo unto them their ſins do draw
With ropes, them faſt to tie;
That bind Iniquity their Law
With cords of Vanitie.
If ſinners could but count their ſcore,
They'd fear a future doom:
Let him that ſinneth, ſin no more,
Leſt worſer things ſhall come.
Whoſo doth his tranſgreſſion love,
Careleſs, or loſe, or win,
He ſtrangely doth himſelf approve
To be a ſlave to ſin.

Lord,

Lord, fix my heart ſtill towards thee,
Eſpecially at Pray'r,
Leſt my Petition on my knee,
Become to me a ſnare.
Surely the quinteſſence of ſin,
Satan that *Judas* is;
He turns a murtherer, when in
Leads the poor Soul amiſs,
And kills it with a kiſs.

The Check.

PEace, rebel Sin, and dare not to rebel,
For thou art dead
Without the Law; and thou that cam'ſt from Hell
Art Captive led.
How durſt thou ſay to him that dwells on high,
The Holy One,
Look on the World where all my wealth doth lie?
'Tis all as none.
Or yet, how durſt thou ſay unto the Chriſt,
If there be none
Like thee, or if by thee men do ſubſiſt,
Make bread of ſtone?
I read, the ſting of Death is ſin; but yet
Sin, that came firſt;
Poor Infant-man no ſooner on his feet,
But fell, and burſt.
'Tis ſaid, that ſin the Child is of the Devil;
But ſin, thou art
His elder, and the very ſelf-ſame evil
Caus'd him to ſtart.
Then prithee ſay,
What is thy name? for Death and Devil, they,
Right underſtood,
Are both too good.

¶ To the God of Heaven.

BRight builder of the heav'nly Poles,
Eternal light of faithful Souls!
Jeſus, Redeemer of Mankinde,
Our humble Pray'rs vouchſafe to minde;
Who, leſt the fraud of Hell's black King
Should all men to deſtruction bring,
Didſt by a ſtrong impulſe of Love,
The fainting World's Phyſician prove.
Who from a ſacred Virgins womb,
Didſt an unſpotted Victim come
Unto the Croſs, to cleanſe the ſin
The wretched World was plunged in:
The ſound of whoſe high Pow'r and Name,
No ſooner any voice can frame,
But all in Heav'n, and thoſe that be
In Hell, bow down their trembling knee:
Thee, Chriſt, who at the later day
Shalt be our Judge, we humbly pray,
Such Arms of heav'nly Grace to ſend,
As from our foes may us defend.
Be glory giv'n, and honour done
To God the Father, and the Son;
And to the Holy Ghoſt on high,
From Age to Age eternally.

¶ The Flower.

O That I were a lovely Flower
In Chriſt his Bower;
Or that I were a Weed, to fade
Under his ſhade.
But how can I a Weed become,
If I am ſhadow'd with the Son?

¶ On Darkneſs.

HOw, Sinner! Darkneſs better far than Light
To be preferr'd? It is becauſe the Night
Draws a thick Curtain over your black deeds;
But God's All-ſeeing eye no Curtain heeds.
If he ſhould ſhew ſeverity to men,
And you in Hell, you'd hate your Darkneſs then.

¶ On Love and Hatred.

I Love too much, to hate what I ſhould love;
I love too much, to love what I ſhould hate.
My Love and Hatred in wrong Centres move,
Such hateful love, God doth abominate.
I love not Goodneſs, neither hate I Evil:
My Hate to Vertue's hot, to Vice is cold.
I love too little God, too much the Devil;
My Love and Hate, wrong Objects do behold.
Lord, change my Love to Hate, my Hate to Love,
That ſo thy Juſtice may of both approve.

¶ On Juſtice and Mercy.

JUſtice doth call for Vengeance on my ſins,
And threatens Death as guerdon for the ſame;
Mercy to plead for pardon then begins,
With ſaying, Chriſt hath undergone the ſhame.
Juſtice ſhews me an angry God offended,
And Mercy ſhews a Saviour crucifi'd:
Juſtice ſays, I that ſinn'd muſt be condemned:
Mercy replies, Chriſt for my ſins hath di'd.

Grim Juſtice threats with a revengeful Rod;
Meek Mercy ſhews me an appeaſed God.
Lord, though my ſins make me for Juſtice fit,
Through Chriſt let mercy triumph over it.

¶ On Food.

A Man with all things needful may be fed;
God for both Soul and Body Food hath ſent.
That for the Body is material bread,
And for the Soul his Word's the nutriment.
If Bread I want, my Body then muſt periſh;
Without the Word, my Soul will fail to thrive:
He that ſends both, ſends both of them to cheriſh,
To keep both Body and the Soul alive.
Famine of Bread is a deſtructive Curſe;
But Famine of the Word is much more worſe.
Lord, to my Soul thy Heav'nly Food apply;
Give that a life, although my body die.

¶ Chriſt, All in All.

CHriſt is the Rock on which my Faith muſt build;
Chriſt is the Staff on which I ſafe may lean;
Chriſt is for my defence the ſafeſt Shield;
Chriſt is the Fountain that muſt waſh me clean.
Who builds not on that Rock, doth build on Sand;
Who leans from him, truſts to a broken Reed;
He falls that fights not under his Command;
His Blood alone doth make me clean indeed.
Chriſt cleanſes, ſaves, ſupports my feet from fall:
He is my only Rock, my All in All.
Lord, to my Soul ſuch Heav'nly Grace impart,
Thou may'ſt be Lord and Tenant of my heart.

¶ I

¶ I would, but cannot.

I Would be rich, but Riches fly away ;
I would be great, but 'tis with Envy blended ;
I would be fair, but Beauty doth decay ;
I would be brave, but 'tis with Pride attended.
I would be worldly-wiſe, but that is Folly ;
I would be ſtrong, but 'tis a Beaſt-like guiſe ;
I would be thought religious, that's unholy ;
I would be learned, but it makes not wiſe.
Theſe vain Endowments ſoon draw to an end ;
To each there is a But that doth attend.
Thus Fate, who ſtops the race of worldly glory,
Shews ſuch Endowments are but tranſitory.

¶ The Voyage.

THe World's a ſpacious Sea that's large and wide,
And man a little Barque that ſails therein ;
His thoughts do drive him like the Wind and Tide ;
The ſhelf that threatens ſhipwrack is his Sin.
His Heart's the Pylot that this Ship doth guide ;
Faith is the Freight with which he freely trades ;
His Anchor, Hope : Thus doth he ſafely ride ;
Heav'n is the Haven where the Barque unlades.
Needs muſt the Merchant in his Voyage thrive,
That ſafely doth at ſuch a Port arrive.
Lord, be thou Pylot to this Ship of mine,
That both the Ship and Lading may be thine.

¶ The Careleſs Chriſtian.

I Do deſire my Prayers may be heard,
Yet I my ſelf regard not how I pray;
I fear God's wrath, yet have I no regard
To what I do, or what I think, or ſay.
I know his Promiſes are juſt and true,
Yet do I live as I believ'd them not:
I hear he Judgements hath for each ones due,
Yet careleſs I not terrifi'd a jot.
Searching my heart to finde the cauſe of this,
I find that in my heart no grace there is.
Lord, ſince thy Grace will rectifie my courſe,
Grant me that Grace which breedeth true remorſe.

¶ On Life and Death.

THe life I live on Earth uncertain is,
Being attended with a certain death,
Which will produce eternal Bane, or Bliſs,
Waiting the expiration of my breath.
It doth behove me then to have a care
How I my ſhort and pretious time do ſpend,
Leſt I, through ſin, be trapt in Satan's ſnare;
Griefs then beginning when my life doth end.
Lord, grant as Life and Death do here begin,
My Life may be to grace, my Death to ſin.

¶ The

¶ The Seeker.

Away, fond Youth,
Vertue is hid in Truth;
Your Vanities can no contentment bring.
Alas, give o're,
Thy pleasure's but a sore,
Honey at first, but in the end a Sting.
Seek not in vain,
So to augment thy pain;
Such is thy grief, that nothing surer is.
Fond Youth, give ore,
Woo not a festring sore;
When thou hast found, thou'lt wish that thou didst miss.
Love not this world, but minde the things above;
In seeking so, thou shalt finde love for love.

¶ The Steward.

IT is not much I have, yet I have more
Than some that live more splendidly than I.
Although I am not rich, I am not poor,
But have enough to vanquish penury.
All that I have is lent me, and I must
Give an account to God how I do use it;
Or if I hide it up, and let it rust,
Or by miss spending wastfully abuse it,
It had been better I had poorer been,
Than ti'd a slave (in chains of gold) to sin.
Lord, grant my Talent so on me bestown,
May be employ'd as thine, and not mine own.

¶ The

¶ The Cœleſtial Painter.

O Thou moſt holy God of Bliſs,
Who paintſt the Heaven's centre cleer,
In burning brightneſs fair addreſs,
With goodly lights, as doth appear.
Who on the fourth day didſt ordain
The fiery circle of the Sun,
And for the Moon an order ſet,
And Stars their wandring courſe to run:
That thou might'ſt give the Nights and days
Divided bounds to keep them in,
As an allured mark to know
How duly all the Months begin.
Illuminate the heart of man;
Wipe out the foulneſs of the minde;
Caſt down the heaps of our miſdeeds;
The bands of guilt do thou unbinde.
Grant this, O holy Father moſt,
And eke the Son equal to thee,
Together with the Holy Ghoſt,
That reigns in all Eternity.

¶ The Holy Innocents.

HAil, you ſweet and budding flowers,
Whom (when you life began to taſte)
The enemy of Chriſt devours,
As whirlwinds down young Roſes caſt.
Firſt Sacrifice to Chriſt you went,
Of offered Lambs a tender ſort,
With Palms and Crowns, you, innocent,
Before the ſacred Altar ſport.

Glory

Glory, O Lord, be given to thee,
Whom the unſpotted Virgin bore;
All glory to the Trinitie,
From all, both now and evermore.

¶ To the Divine Creator.

O God, which diddeſt man create,
And haſt alone all things aſſign'd,
The Earth to bring forth ſavage Beaſts,
And creeping things each in their kind.
Great bodied Creatures are ordain'd
By thy great Word and Will, to live,
In times and ſeaſons man to ſerve,
To whom they all ſubjection give.
Put from thy ſervants far away
What to uncleanneſs may allude,
It ſelf in manners to ſuggeſt,
Or in our actions to intrude.
Give us the recompence of joys,
And yield to us thy graces free;
In ſunder break the bands of ſtriſe,
Confirm the bands of Unity.

¶ The New Birth.

A Multitude of Creatures do agree
To give their Documents to wretched man,
As Emblems and Examples, whereby he
May learn to write himſelf a Chriſtian.
The Eagle caſts her bill, the Aſs his hair,
The Peacock ſheds his plumes, the Snake his ſkin;
And ſhall not Man, a Creature far more fair,
Renew himſelf by ſhaking off his ſin?

Old

Old ſins retain'd do feſter as they lie;
To the new man belongs felicity.
He that would clear himſelf from worldly ſtain,
To ſin muſt die, to life be born again.
Die to the fleſh, and if you would inherit
Eternal life, be born then of the Spirit.
This is the Birth a Chriſtian ſhould preſer;
For being born of God, he cannot err.
Lord, let thy Grace my idle thoughts ſubdue,
That I may change the Old man for the New.

¶ Degrees of Love.

IF I a Creature love, it may not know
The Channel whence my flood of Love doth flow:
But God knows all mens hearts, and will approve
Of love to him; for God himſelf is Love.
If I a Creature love, it no regard
May have to make amends; God doth reward.
But when my kinde affections do intrude,
The Creature anſwers with ingratitude.
If I a Creature love, that Creature may
Be captious, peeviſh, making me its prey.
The love of God exceeds the love of men;
For loving him, I've love for love agen.
A humour too, may make a Creature fly me;
But loving God, I have him always by me.
If I a Creature love, that very thing
On which I dote, may prove to me a ſting.
But to love God, brings comfort, joy, and eaſe;
For he's the everlaſting Prince of Peace.
If I a Creature love, my care muſt be
For that; but God will Angels charge with me.
If I a Creature love, my hearts deſire
Is all inflam'd but with Terreſtrial fire;
But loving God, my Soul and Senſes feel
The holy flames of a Cœleſtial Zeal.

If

If I a Creature love, for face, parts, limb,
That moves; God dwells in me, and I in him.
If I a Creature love, it doth not know
All my affairs; God knows whate're I do.
If I a Creature love, it doth deceive me;
If I love God, he's ready to relieve me.
If I a Creature love, much pain and grief
Attend; but loving God, I finde relief.
If I a Creature love, we both muſt die;
But God gives life to all eternitie.
If I a Creature love, I oft behold [co'd;
Thoſe ſlights and faults, which make my love grow
But if on God I firmly fix my love,
The love of God doth make my love improve.
He is ſo good, ſo noble, rich, ſweet, fair,
Mighty and wiſe, ſo exquiſitly rare,
I'll court his love (as he hath taught) with Prayer.

¶ Bad at Beſt.

MY Practice gives the lye to my Profeſſion;
I give too large a rein unto my Will;
I do not grieve enough for my Tranſgreſſion,
But do delight in contemplating ill.
I wiſh for Heav'n, but tread the path of Hell;
I love the day, but more the deeds o'th' night:
Little I have, yet that I uſe not well;
I covet much, but covet not aright.
Good deeds ill done, run clearly 'gainſt the byas;
Wiſhes and words are winds, our deeds muſt try us.
My ways are evil, ſin doth too much attend them;
Open mine eyes, O Lord, and I ſhall mend them.

¶ Time's

Time's Travel.

THe uberous womb of Time, ſince its creation,
Innumerable iſſues hath brought forth,
Of ſtrange, and of prodigious generation;
And glorious things of beauty and of worth:
It's never barren, but is ever breeding
Unwonted forms, and various ſhapes of things.
It was, it is, and will through time ſucceeding,
Continue labouring. The fruit ſhe brings,
Savours of goodneſs, but much more of evil;
Extols the Maker, but adores the Devil.
Lord, ſince there is a time to laugh, to weep,
'Tis high time I awake out of the ſleep
Of ſin and death, O then propitious be,
And in due time let true Repentance free
My Soul, and I'll be convert unto thee.

¶ The Widows Mite.

ROom for a wealthy Benefactor; he,
Behold, draws neer unto the Treaſury:
Others approach with their abundant ſtore,
But here's a Widow, who, although ſhe's poor,
Hath outdone all, her bounty to diſplay;
For her's was giv'n, and theirs but caſt away.
And ſhe was noted for a true believer;
For God delighteth in a cheerful giver.

¶ *Gabriel*

¶ *Gabriel* and *Zacharias.*

Gab. BLeſs'd *Zacharias*, ceaſe to be afeard,
A *John* ſhall call thee Father, thou art heard.
He ſhall be richly ſtor'd with Grace and Mirth;
The God of gods ſhall celebrate his Birth.
Zac. O Lord, whereby can I know this? my life
Is well-nigh ſpent; likewiſe my ancient Wife,
Her years are ſo in number, I am bold
To ſay, for bearing Children ſhe's too old.
Gab. Is any thing impoſſible to God,
Whoſe Power can do it with a word, or nod?
I that am *Gabriel*, am ſent down from high
To do this meſſage from the Deity:
And ſeeing thou believ'ſt not what I ſay,
Behold, thou ſhalt be dumb until that day.
Then will I looſen that which now I ſtrung;
Thou ſhalt have *John*, & with that *John* a tongue.

¶ On *Alexander* the Great.

THou Earth's great Monarch; to thy Valour's praiſe,
Be it recorded, thou didſt ſpend thy days
In *Mars* his School; but one thing did remain,
Thou ſhouldſt have made thy Piety thy gain,
Not Oſtentation. Fleſh was made thy ſlave,
But wherein didſt thou Satan's works deprave?
Thoſe being vanquiſh'd, thou might'ſt take thy reſt,
And weep for joy, as being ſtout and bleſt.
Alas, his Conqueſts are as good as none,
That fights for Worlds, and never finds but one.

¶ Jeſus

¶ Jeſus Wept.

HEnce may we ſee Tears are the only things,
When watring well, revives our fading Springs.
Martha and *Mary* ſprinkling pious Tears
Over their Brother, four days freed from fears.
With the ſole help of Jeſus, when they wept,
His Tears and theirs reviv'd a Saint that ſlept:
The very words, *Come forth*, bore ſuch a ſound,
Laz'rus ſtraight came, but left death in the ground.
Such love our Saviour ſhew'd his friend, his eye,
That knew no ſin, could weep, when he ſhould die.
The Antients have this obſervation kept,
Jeſus was never ſeen to laugh, but wept.

¶ *Martha* and *Mary*.

AS Contemplation is the bane of ill,
By that our good is ſo continued ſtill.
Happy that houſe whi.h never doth m ſcar y,
Yield.ng a *Martha* to complain of *Mary*.

¶ On Worldly Gain.

THis World yields nothing more than Cares and [Croſſes,
Yet my forc'd heart dotes on it ne'retheleſs;
If I caſt up my gains, they are but loſſes:
For more and more I languiſh in exceſs.
It ſhews varieties of ſweet content,
Alluring me w.th fair and golden baits;
But in the taſte I finde them different,
No real pleaſures, but meer counterfeits.

Delu-

Deluſions are the knacks that do excell
For cheats; they ſhew us Heaven, lead to Hell.
Lord, plant thy heav'nly wiſdome in my heart,
That world and worldly things I may deſert.

¶ On St. *Peter*'s Perjury.

SHeathe up that ſharp keen Sword, which did befriend
In ſmiting him who gave his ear to end thee; [thee
But yet conſider, he that doth falſely ſwear,
Is by the Law condemn'd to looſe an Ear.
I tell thee, *Peter*, e're the Cock crow twice,
Thou art my friend that ſhalt deny me thrice.
But, *Peter*, thou art favour'd, take't from me,
Inſtead of paying one Ear, thou haſt three.

¶ On Puſillanimity.

REligion made the Martyrs dare, and die;
Honour abhors to dread an Enemie.
Our Actions try our Courage, and our hearts
As Icie weather with its chilly ſmarts,
Do try our health: and this we yearly find,
Withered leaves fall with the breath of wind.
As rotten Bows no longers hold debate [weight,
With ſtrength, but break when they're oppreſt with
So Earthen Veſſels may be ſaid t'expire,
Expos'd when empty to the heat of fire.
This trivial paſſion of Faintheartedneſs,
Diſpirits man, and makes a dull impreſs
Upon his body, as if there were writ,
Here ſtands a houſe, but no one dwells in it.
Cowardiſe doth expreſs a man to be
An eaſie prey unto his Enemie:

Whoſe

Whose cruel mercy suddenly is spent,
Whilst for the Victim no man doth lament.
He grew in misery, became forlorn,
Was both to friend and to his foe a scorn.
The righteous man is bold, bids fear adieu;
The wicked flee, when no man doth pursue.

¶ On the Spring.

SInce Winters cold blasts are expell'd by the Sun,
And Fields that did penance in snow,
Have put Madam Nature's gay Liveries on,
Embroyder'd with flowers to make a fine show;
The Hills and the Vallies in duty abound,
And men praise the Lord; so the duty goes round.

Heark, heark, how the Birds in sweet consort conspire,
The Lark and the Nightingale joyn;
In every note is an amorous Quire,
With an innocent mirth to entertain time.
The Hills and the Vallies in duty abound,
And Men praise the Lord; so the duty goes round.

Meth'nks the God *Pan*, whose glad subjects we are,
Doth sit on his flowery Throne;
We accept his kinde Offerings every year,
With Garlands of Roses, and Flowers new grown.
The Hills and the Vallies in duty abound,
And Men praise the Lord; so the duty goes round.

¶ On Science.

MAny for Science seek with care and Art,
When Conscience is the Science of the heart;
Yet

Yet that moſt ſacred Knowledge is become
In mens eſteem, of Knowledge but the ſcum.
When as the Heart with Conſcience doth converſe,
Infinite myſteries they then rehearſe.
A Conſcience good and pure, relies upon
The ſacred Title of Religion:
That is a Knowledge puffs not up to boaſt,
But is the Temple of the Holy Ghoſt:
Built ſo for Beauty, equalled by none,
Rich as the Temple of a *Solomon*,
The fruitful field of Benediction.
The joy of Angels, and the Sinners ſting,
The Subjects ark, the treaſure of the King.
An Habitation for the Saints abode,
The Book of Life, the Princely Court of God:
The Book that's ſeal'd to keep Deeds from decay,
And to be open'd at the Judgement-day.
A rich Perfume, and a moſt happy Gueſt,
A pleaſant Friend, and a continual Feaſt.
A Caſtle, Tower, a Rock to build upon,
A certain Fabrick of Salvation.
The poor man's Comfort, his moſt truſty Staff;
The rich man's Elegy and Epitaph
Wouldſt thou be farther in this Science read?
Then *Purge thy conſcience from all works are dead.*

On Drunkenneſs.

THis is a Vice that fights without defence;
He that doth finde this ſin, doth looſe his ſenſe.
I formerly have read of one who ſtood
Amaz'd, as loſt within a ſpatious Wood,
When in one Vice he was to build his Neſt,
Which of theſe three he judg'd to be the beſt;
To kill his Father, Mother to beguile
With luſt, or rather to be drunk a while.
He thinking Drunkenneſs the leaſt of theſe,
Choſe that, thereby God's Juſtice to appeaſe.

Then

Then drunk he gets, making no more to do;
And when got drunk, acted the other two.
The juicy Vine doth to us ev'ry year,
Three sorts of Grapes at once most duly bear.
The first for Pleasure, Drunkenness the next,
The third for Misery. When man's perplext
With too much drink, he is as one deceast,
A shape of man, more properly a beast.
If all our Trees were Pens, and Seas were Ink,
They could not write the mischiefs done by Drink.
Awake, ye Drunkards, weep, and howl;
Poyson encompasseth your Bowl.

¶ On Blasphemy.

IT sets its mouth against each holy place,
And shoots out words like darts, against the face
Of God; despising his great Majesty,
Imposing things upon the Deity.
Thus written 'tis by the Historian,
Speaking of the Apostate *Julian*,
When he engag'd against the *Parthian* Bands,
And then receiv'd a wound, with outstretch'd hands
He took his blood (to shew he did persist)
And in derision threw it toward Christ,
Thus saying, to augment his sinful sum,
O Galilean, thou hast overcome.
So by an outward gesture we may finde
The secret indignation of the minde:
And he that doth blaspheme his God, doth broach
Designes to cast upon him all reproach
His little Wit or Folly can invent,
Vainly to shew the reach of his intent.
But *Julian* being wounded with a Dart [heart,
(Unknown from whence) that reach'd his wretched
In scorn to Christ, he *Galilean* cri'd,
Perish'd in sin, so this Blasphemer di'd.

Cain

Caius Caligula, with judgment dim,
His Statue fix'd, that men might worſhip him.
The holy Temple, with profane abuſe,
He dedicated to his proper uſe,
Making himſelf a God; but it appear'd
At length, that Vengeance this Blaſphemer heard.
It is a ſin that ſtudies how to fight
Againſt the dictates of Dame Nature's light;
Which Princeſs oft have puniſhed with death:
The very *Turks* will not endure that breath
That wounds the Ears of Heaven, but puniſh thoſe
That to blaſpheming Chriſt their lips diſpoſe.
If *Turks* to this great ſin give a reſtraint,
How piercing muſt it be unto a Saint?

¶ The Sick man's Eaſe.

THe Sick man is a Priſoner to his bed,
When healthy men have room their wings to ſpread.
Wealth without Health a gilded torment is;
Cræſus vaſt Riches lead not unto Bliſs:
Nor can the Wealth of all the *Indian* ſhore
Aſſure the ſick from Agues to reſtore.
Health is a Jewel of ſuch high degree,
Not to be priz'd until it wanted be.
The ſick can nothing do, he's indiſpos'd;
He cannot pray, his eyes are almoſt cloſ'd.
He reſtleſs turns, then on his back doth lie,
Whilſt pain deprives him of his Piety.
But when a good man ſickens, God hath ſed,
He in his ſickneſs will make *All* his Bed,
His Pillow, Bolſter, Sides, the Feet, and Head.
God taketh thorough care for his Elect,
In *All* his Bed he will be circumſpect.
And ſure that God that ſuffers a Diſeaſe
To reign, is beſt Phyſician, giving eaſe.
Herein his Art is excellently ſpread;
Not fitting Bed, but Perſon to the Bed.

His Potion Patience is, and that works ſo,
What God inflicts the Juſt doth undergo.
But how ſhall God make my bed? I have none,
Saith the poor man, and ſaith it with a groan.
To him God anſwers, Son, be thou content,
For that's a bed adorn'd with Ornament.
Jacob ſlept on the ground; who would not deem
Himſelf moſt happy, having *Jacob*'s dream?
Fox in his book of Martyrs, ſpeaks of one,
A woman poor in *Jerſey*, yet though grown
Mean to the World (when *Mary*, *Englands* Queen,
Drew on our Engliſh Stage a bloody Scene)
God made her bed in that ſame fiery flake;
And when ſhe came as Martyr to the ſtake,
A Childe came from her, to her hearts deſire:
So God brought her to bed by flames of fire.
He likewiſe threatned *Jezabel*, that ſhe
Should have a bed of fire. His Juſtice he
Therein diſplays: May not his Mercy then
Turn flames of fire to beds for righteous men?
Nothing's impoſſible if God accord;
Fire ſhall prove Beds of Eaſe, ſay he the Word.

On Singing of Pſalms.

BIrds ſweetly chirp and ſing, but Nature gave
Me a harſh voice, more fit (than ſing) to rave.
Should I uſe Art for a melodious ſtrain,
'Twould be to ſpend my pretious time in vain.
When I ſing Pſalms and Hymns to God on high,
With devout praiſes to the Deity,
How can I think my voice ſhall pleaſe his ear,
When to my ſelf it meanly doth appear?
Yet though I cannot chaunt a warbling tale
With the ſweet muſick of the Nightingale,
Or with the Blackbird chirp, I Swallow-like
Will chatter, or will with the Raven ſtrike

Or

Or croak my meaſures, better ſo to do,
Than to be ſilent; for there may accrew
A Bleſſing by my will. If I want Art,
God thus commands, *My ſon, give me thy heart.*
Had God beſtow'd on me a better voice,
With better muſick I would then rejoyce:
But ſince 'tis ſo the Spirits influence
Shall ſalve my want of ſkill with ſtore of ſence.
To that end, bleſſed Lord, in me create
A heart unfeigned, new; and in that ſtate,
With heart and underſtanding, I'll rejoyce,
And reſt contented with my preſent voice.
Yet one thing more of God I do deſire;
Make me a Quireſter in Heaven's Quire.

On little Sins.

SIn at the firſt ſeems ſmall; when I begin,
I thus conclude, 'Tis but a little ſin,
I may wade through it dry-ſhod: So on tilt
I run, as if ſecur'd from ſin by guilt;
But when into my ſin I ſlily creep,
It ſuddenly appears ſo foul, ſo deep,
So dangerous a gulph doth widely gape,
That without drowning I can hardly ſcape.
Thus in extremities I always bleed;
My ſins are ſmall, they no repentance need;
Or elſe ſo great and heynous is my ſtain,
That I deſpair, I can't a pardon gain.
A Reed out of thy Sanctuary, Lord,
Would truly meaſure every deed and word.
But O if thou my miſery reveal,
Do not thy mercy from my Soul conceal,
Leſt if I apprehend my wounds gape wide,
My deſperate Soul run out, and thereby glide
Into a world of torments, if my grief
Seem to be greater than is thy relief.

If ſin ſeems greater by one breadth of hair
Than mercie doth, it makes way for deſpair.
No ſins are little: 'tis the Devil's cheat
So to ſurmiſe; for ev'ry ſin is great.

¶ On Temperance.

THis guides the Reaſon, gives the Minde delight,
In moderating Luſt and Appetite.
The *Jews* in this great Vertue are expert,
Shunning exceſs as men of great deſert;
Perhaps becauſe it ſhould be underſtood,
They drank full draughts up of our Saviour's blood;
And being ſenſible they did digreſs,
May think it time t'abominate exceſs.
Our *Engliſh* Chronicles do much commend
Their Queen *Elizabeth*, who did tranſcend
The Nobles of her age; and *England*'s King,
Edward the Sixth, did in her praiſe thus ſing:
When to diſcourſe on her it was his chance,
He call'd her his *Sweet Siſter Temperance.*
When at her Table ſhe ſate down to eat,
She ſeldom us'd more than one ſort of meat;
And did in Temperance ſo much delight,
She ever roſe up with an appetite.
Nature is with a little ſatisfi'd:
Ebriety and Gluttony have tri'd,
And conquer'd many, who to Death did dance.
One of the ſpirits fruits is Temperance.

¶ On Perſecution.

AS the poor Sheep is to the ſlaughter led
In all humility, and free from dread,
So all God's people may be ſaid to be
As Sheep, the Emblems of Humility.

They

They harmleſs are, and profitable too,
Obedient to their Shepherd; in a crew
Led into Folds and Paſtures, where, as ſtrangers,
They are obnoxious to many dangers, [ſmall;
Wolves, Bryars, Thieves, Dogs, Plagues both great and
But God their Shepherd rids them out of all.
Many deſire the number may increaſe
Of God's good Sheep; but 'tis a golden Fleece
Which they deſire to wear: However, they
Moſt happy are that follow him their way.
Excellent things the Church of God hath won;
She's like a woman cloathed with the Sun,
Crowned with Stars, treading upon the Moon;
Yet travelling in Birth at night and noon:
The Dragon in purſuit of her and hers;
But, under God, they ſtill ride Conquerers.
He that would be an *Iſraelite* indeed,
Muſt arm himſelf compleatly; taking heed
Of all aſſaults, all perſons, places, times,
Guard his own vertue, reſiſt others crimes.
Elias ſpoke againſt the craft of ſin;
Then *Ahab*'s hate againſt him did begin.
Iſaiah, as we read, was ſawn in two;
It was *Manaſſes* pleaſure ſo to do.
And *Jeremiah* he was ſton'd, to pleaſe
The cruel humour of *Tahaphanes*.
Stephen was ſtoned of the *Jews*; and *John*
Beheaded was, *Herod* would have him gone.
Ignatius to the Lions had his doom;
The Clergy likewiſe hated *Chryſoſtom*:
But *Juſtin Martyr* ſlights theſe things as dirt,
Say's, Perſecutors kill, but cannot hurt.
Tertullian well obſerv'd, the more they mow
The Chriſtians down, they much the faſter grow.
Large Volumes might be fill'd with the bright names
Of ſufferers by ſwords, by ſtones, and flames.
True ſaith St. *Paul*, all that will ſhun the grave
Of helliſh ſin, ſhall perſecution have.
Well may the Chriſtian with his God comply
In perſecution, Chriſt himſelf could die.

¶ On Sleep.

DEath in the Scripture is compar'd to Sleep:
When Death approaches, then with care we keep
A ſchedule of our wealth, ſo to diſpoſe
Of thoſe Eſtates we then are forc'd to loſe.
So when Sleep comes, methinks my Ev'ning-prayer
Is like the making of my Will; my care
Ought therefore to provide betimes: for why?
There's danger in a drowſie Lethargy.
In perfect memory, and when awake,
I'll leave my Soul to God; for if he take
Not charge of me, and me in ſafety keep,
The Devil will attempt me in my ſleep.
Though day and night he ſeeketh to devour,
He keeps his markets in the darkned hour.
I on my pillow do my ſleep confirm:
Thus mans Vacation is the Devil's Term.

¶ Bleſſings of the Righteous, as they are recorded in Holy Writ.

HEarken unto the Lord thy God,
His Covenants obſerve;
So will he kindly ſpare his Rod,
And not afflict a Nerve.
B'eſs'd ſhalt thou in the City be;
Thy God will Bleſſings yield,
At home, abroad, at bed, at board,
And likewiſe in the field.
Bleſſed ſhall be thy bodies fruit,
and that upon the ground:
The wicked, be they loud or mute,
Shall neither of them wound.

Thy

Thy Cattel ſhall inrich thy ſtore
With increaſe of their Kine;
Thy Sheep ſhall ſtill wax more and more;
Thy Grapes ſhall yield thee Wine.
Bleſs'd ſhall thy Store and Baſket be;
Bleſſings ſhall thence accrew:
Comings and Goings ſhall agree
To make thee bleſſed too.
The Lord ſhall ſmite thine Enemies,
And put them to diſgrace;
The chiefeſt he will make to flie,
And that before thy face.
Thy foes one way ſhall thee attempt,
But flie before thee ſeven;
From Judgement none ſhall be exempt,
But as the Chaff be driven.
Thy Store-houſes the Lord will bleſs,
And all thou tak'ſt in hand;
And give to thee a large increaſe
Of plenty in the land.
The Lord, as he himſelf hath ſworn,
He will eſtabliſh thee;
And farther to exalt thy horn,
His people ye ſhall be.
Keep thou the Lord's Commandements,
And all the Earth ſhall ſee
That thou art great in innocence,
And ſtand in fear of thee.
The Lord he ſhall his treaſures ope,
The Heav'ns ſhall give thee rain;
If head or hand with buſineſs cope,
It ſhall be for thy gain.
No diſcontent ſhall thee attend,
As free from grief or ſorrow:
To many Nations thou ſhalt lend,
But have no need to borrow.
Bleſſed are they that in him truſt,
He will them b'eſs with ſpeed;
For do they hunger, do they thirſt,
He is their help at need.

Bleſſed is he whoſe ſin is hid,
He may with gladneſs ſmile;
Whoſe errours all are covered,
Whoſe Spirit hath no guile.
Bleſſed are they that now lament,
As being poor in Spirit;
For they are promis'd by the Lord
His Kingdom to inherit.
Bleſſed are they that now do mourn,
Thinking their joys are fled;
For though as yet they ſeem forlorn,
They ſhall be comforted.
The meek are bleſſed too; for they
That love not ſtrifes increaſe,
Shall on the Earth bear happy ſway,
Delighting much in Peace.
The hungry too, and they that thirſt
For Righteouſneſs as meat,
They ſhall be fill'd, when thoſe accurſt
Shall nothing have to eat.
Bleſs'd be the merciful to thoſe
Whom they obſerve in pain;
For he that mercily beſtows,
Shall mercy reap again.
Thrice bleſſed are the pure in heart,
Whoſe Souls and hands are free
From vanity and wicked oaths;
For they their God ſhall ſee.
Bleſs'd the peace-makers are; for they
His children ſhall be call'd:
And he that loves and doth obey,
Shall never be enthrall'd.
Bleſſed are they for Righteouſneſs
Do perſecution bear;
Their great reward none can expreſs
But Heav'n, it lieth there.
Bleſſed are they that are revil'd
Becauſe they ſeek the Lord;
Be they at home, or if exil'd,
His grace will ſtrength afford.

Rejoyce, and be exceeding glad,
For great is your reward;
The Prophets by ſuch uſage bad,
Did get into regard.

Curſes of the Wicked.

HE that doth hear the poor mans cry
Shall never fare the worſe;
But whoſo turneth back his eye
Shall never want a curſe.
He that himſelf hath others curſt,
His ſervant curſeth him;
The bleſſings of his flowing Purſe
Shall him to ruine ſwim.
He that blaſphemeth God his Lord,
Ought to be ſton'd to death;
And curſed be that man, abhorr'd,
Serves other God beneath.
Curſed be he that ſetteth light
By Father, or by Mother;
The people ſhall him dayly ſlight,
And none his Curſes ſmother.
Curſed be he that doth remove
His Neighbours Land-mark; then
The people ſhall him curſe, none love,
But each one cry, Amen.
Curſed be he that leads the blinde
In an erroneous way;
The Lord for him will torments finde,
And be the blinde man's ſtay.
Curſed be he that doth pervert
The widow, fatherleſs,
Or ſtranger, from an upright heart;
Curſes ſhall him oppreſs.
Curſed, thrice curſed ſhall he be
Covers his Father's breaſt;
And that man curſt ſhall be (as he)
That lieth with a beaſt.

Curs'd let him be with Siſter lies,
Or Mother (though) in Law:
Such ſins do make thoſe horrid cries
That dreadful curſes draw.
Curſed be he that ſecretly
His ſilent Neighbour ſmites:
Murtherers too, that cauſe to die
When a reward invites.
The wicked ſhall be curs'd at home,
And likewiſe in the field;
His baſket and his ſtore at laſt
Shall Bleſſings ceaſe to yield.
Curſed be all his ſinful fruit
Of body and of land:
His Kine, and Flock, though they are mute,
And all he takes in hand.
Curſed be he when going out,
And when returning in;
That happy 'twere for him, no doubt,
If he had never been.

¶ Praiſes to God.

Pſal. 65. 1.

Praiſe waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion.

PRaiſe the moſt high, Oh clap your hands!
Praiſe him, for he the world commands.
Praiſe him, Mount *Zion*, Praiſes ſing,
Praiſe him that is your Cities King.
Praiſe him with loud and ſilent Air,
Praiſe ye the Lord that heareth Pray'r.
Praiſe him makes Morning hear his voice,
Praiſe him makes Evening to rejoyce.
Praiſe him that doth prepare our Corn,
Praiſe him, all ye that are forlorn.

Praiſe

Praiſe him that duly ſends us Rain,
Praiſe him for Fruits, Herbs, Flow'rs, and Grain.
Praiſe him for his refreſhing ſhowers,
Praiſe him for recreating Bowers.
Praiſe him that doth our Paſtures fill,
Praiſe and rejoyce, each little Hill.
Praiſe him, ye Birds, and ev'ry Tree,
Praiſe him that did divide the Sea.
Praiſe him for Waters from the Fount,
Praiſe him for Graſs grows on the Mount.
Praiſe him that gives and nothing owes,
Praiſe him with Sacrifice and Vows.
Praiſe him that form'd us in the Womb,
Praiſe him that guides us to our Tomb.
Praiſe him that makes us bleſt in Heaven,
Praiſe him from whom all Food is given.
Praiſe him, his holy Name adore,
Praiſe him, O praiſe him more and more.
Praiſe God, the Father of the juſt,
Praiſe him doth raiſe the Poor from duſt.
Praiſe him that makes the barren bear,
Praiſe him with duty, love, and fear.
Praiſe ye the Lord for dayly Food,
Praiſe ye his Name, for it is good.
Praiſe him who gives ſucceſs in Wars,
Praiſe him who numbereth the Stars.
Praiſe him that builds *Jeruſalem*,
Praiſe him whoſe Word is more than Jem.
Praiſe him that lifteth up the Meek,
Praiſe him that doth ſupport the Weak.
Praiſe him who doth the Ravens feed,
Praiſe him, our meetly help at need.
Praiſe him doth cauſe his Winds to blow,
Praiſe him that makes the Waters flow.
Praiſe him in his Angelick Coaſts,
Praiſe him, all ye his mighty Hoſts.
Praiſe ye his Name, both Sun and Moon,
Praiſe him, ye Lights that ſhine at noon.
Praiſe him, ye Heavens never fade,
Praiſe him, for ye by him were made.

Praiſe ye the Lord, ye Dragons fell,
Praiſe him, ye Deeps, his wonders tell.
Praiſe him, Fire, Hail, Vapour and Snow,
Praiſe him, ye ſtormy Winds that blow.
Praiſe him, ye Cedars, Beaſts o'th' field,
Praiſe him all things can Praiſes yield.
Praiſe him, ye Kings of higheſt birth,
Praiſe him, ye Judges of the Earth.
Praiſe him, ye Rulers whom he rais'd,
Praiſe, for he's greatly to be prais'd.
Praiſe ye the Lord, both great and ſmall,
Praiſe him that did create us all.
Praiſe him within his holy Tower,
Praiſe him for his Almighty Power.
Praiſe him for what he to us gave,
Praiſe Jeſus Chriſt that did us ſave.
Praiſe ye the Holy Spirit too,
Praiſe each with all Devotions due.
Praiſe all, ſtrive who ſhall praiſe the moſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.
Praiſe each with pious Harmony,
Praiſe ye the bleſſed Trinity.
Praiſe ye the Lord with Trumpets ſound,
Praiſe him that heal'd us with his wound.
Praiſe him with Harps loud Melody,
Praiſe him with Song and Pſaltery.
Praiſe him with Timbrel, let the Flute
Praiſe him, with Organ, Pipe, and Lute.
Praiſe him with inſtrumental String,
Praiſe him with Cymbals, loudly ſing.
Praiſe him with joy, and ſkilful voice,
Praiſe with new Songs, the chief and choice.
Praiſe him that is our Guide, our Light,
Praiſe him, becauſe his Word is right.
Praiſe him whoſe works are done in truth,
Praiſe him that no injuſtice doth.
Praiſe him all people, great and leſs,
Praiſe him that loveth Righteouſneſs.
Praiſe him whoſe Goodneſs fills the Earth,
Praiſe him with Zeal and pious Mirth.

Praiſe him the Author is of days,
Praiſe him that gives us power to praiſe.
Praiſe him whoſe Word the Heavens made,
Praiſe him whoſe breath requir'd no aid.
Praiſe him that doth the Wind command,
Praiſe him that makes the Waters ſtand.
Praiſe him whom Sun and Moon obey,
Praiſe him doth Heaven's Scepter ſway.
Praiſe him that doth the Heathen awe,
Praiſe him whoſe ev'ry Word's a Law.
Praiſe him who doth from Heav'n behold,
Praiſe him, ye Rich, Poor, Young, and Old.
Praiſe him that faſhions all our hearts,
Praiſe him alone doth heal our ſmarts.
Praiſe him that is the King of kings,
Praiſe him in grief that comfort brings.
Praiſe him that governs Sea and Coaſts,
Praiſe him that is the Lord of Hoſts.
Praiſe him who can the Lion tame,
Praiſe him that Mighty is by Name.
Praiſe him that guards us day and night,
Praiſe him the God of Peace and Fight.
Praiſe him that makes the ſtouteſt yield,
Praiſe him that is our Help and Shield.
Praiſe him with both thy heart and mouth,
Praiſe him in Age, in Strength, and Youth.
Praiſe him who are with ſorrows ſad,
Praiſe, that the humble may be glad.
Oh let the Nations all accord
To praiſe and magnifie the Lord.
Amen, Amen.

¶ *Gloria in Altiſſimis:*

Or, the Angelical Anthem.

ANgels, Saints, and all men cry,
Glory be to God on high:
And that glory ne'er may ceaſe,
Grant us, Lord, *on earth* thy *peace.*
When there's *good will towards men,*
We ſhall praiſe, and praiſe agen.

¶ On Fatherly Affection.

AS in the ſtreet I walking caſt my eye,
It was my chance two Children to eſpie
Fighting together: by and by in haſt
The Father of the one, who ſaw what paſt,
Srept in, and ſuddenly, without delay,
He parted both, and took his Son away;
And like a Father, careful of his Son,
Gave him correction for the fault he'd done.
The other Lad was left without a check,
Which made him ſtrut and boaſt, and ſtretch his neck,
Believing he had ſurely won the day,
Though both alike were equal in the fray.
I thought it hard that one ſhould puniſh'd be
And not the other, he eſcaping free.
At laſt I gueſs'd 'twas a Paternal care
One to correct, to teach him to beware:
For over him he a dominion had,
But was a ſtranger to the other Lad.
So when the wicked ſin, the godly ſmart;
God in chaſtiſing ſhews Paternal art:

He

He chaſtens whom he loves, whilſt wicked men
Purſue their ſins, and act them o're agen.
The reaſon common ſenſe cannot avo'd,
Sinners are ſpar'd only to be deſtroy'd.
What need a whip for ſtubborn ſinners backs,
When 'tis decreed their heads are for the axe?

¶ On the Goſpel.

THe Goſpel ancient as *Moſes* is,
Nay *Adam*, it was preacht in Paradiſe.
'Tis true, before the Goſpel came the Law,
Yet from the Goſpel we moſt vertue draw.
Likewiſe before the Day, appear'd the Night,
Yet above Darkneſs we eſteem the Light.
And before Man was made, all Creatures were,
Yet he excells them, they his ſervants are.
He that before his Lord the Sword doth bear,
Is not ſuppos'd ſuperiour to the Mayor.
All things which in this world we ſplendid ſee,
Are not eſteem'd by their priority.
Saith *John*, *There comes one after me, whoſe ſhooes I am unworthy*, too low, *to unlooſe.*
The Law is moſt compos'd of forms of fears;
But in the Goſpel ſtreams of love appears.
The Law makes God our foe with pointing — thus;
The Goſpel cries, *Emanuel, God with us.*
The office of the Law is to accuſe;
That of the Goſpel is to heal a bruiſe.
The Law a killing letter's ſtil'd by merit;
But th'holy Goſpels is a quickning Spirit.
Beſides, the Goſpel is the bell whereby
We all are called to Eternity.

¶ On

¶ On the Lord's Prayer.

THat Pray'r of Pray'rs, how meanly doth it look
Of late, as if Religion's frame were ſhook!
But if the Lord were juſt to uſe his powers,
With how much anger might he look on ours?
Some think that Leſſon may their Spirits grieve;
Lord, us forgive, as others we forgive.
Others, like Witches, when in hatte they pray,
They it repeat, but do it backward ſay.
Many with zeal deſire their dayly bread;
Thy Kingdom come, not much concerns their head.
Thus temp'ral benefits we do preſer
Before eternal bleſſings, and adhere
To what our preſent wants require: but oh,
When Death appears, and whiſpers, we muſt go.
Then our Petitions, all that we can gather,
From his take pattern, crying, *Our Father.*
Chriſt ſo began to teach us, being weak;
So we conclude when we can hardly ſpeak.

¶ The Free Giver.

GReat *Alexander*, when he youthful was,
A check received from *Leonidas*
His Governour, for being too profuſe
In waſting his perfumes in pious uſe:
For on a day being to ſacrifice
Unto the Gods, to ſhew himſelf unnice,
Fill'd both his hands with Frankincenſe; that done,
Gave it the fire as his devotion.
But afterwards when he became a man,
He conquered *Judea*, over-ran
That Country whence thoſe ſpices took their birth,
Then to conclude his piety with mirth,

He

He ſent Five hundred Talents weight (by odds
Too much) to him grutch'd what he gave the Gods.
Thus they that ſowing plentifully keep
A zeal unſpotted, plentifully reap.
He that doth niggardly his Talent ſpare,
Shall ſow, but in the end reap but a Tare.
Give God the choiceſt branches of thy fruit;
For by that means God may give thee the Root.

¶ The Friendly Advice.

THe *Roman* Senators, as we may read,
Thirſted that *Julius Cæſar* might be dead:
Wherefore they then conſpir'd to ſeek his end.
Artemidorus, who was *Cæſar*'s friend,
Gives him a Paper wherein lay his lot,
His life to ſave by finding out the Plot;
But *Cæſar* being buſie with applauds,
With ſalutations, and the peoples lauds,
Pockets the Paper, as if it had been
Petition-like at leiſure to be ſeen;
So onward walks, not dreaming of that train,
And going to the Senate-houſe was ſlain.
The World, the Fleſh, and Devil, do beſet
Poor man, contriving divers ways to get
Him in their gin. God's Miniſters accord
To bring a Letter, namely God's own Word,
Wherein their plot is publickly reveal'd,
The wounded man hath offers to be heal'd;
Nay, God himſelf in clemencie doth crie,
Oh houſe of Iſrael, why will ye die?
But moſt men generally buſie are
About the worlds concerns, though things of air;
They cannot mind their friends advice; to write,
Is to preſent them with a Paper-kite.
Thus men run headlong to expend their breath,
Forgetting they before were doom'd for death.

¶ On

¶ On Sloath.

THe idle man is like the heavie drone,
That waſts his time in contemplation :
This preſent hour he's mightily perplext
With ſtudy'ng which way he ſhall ſpend the next ;
Not like the wiſe man, who with leſſer pain,
Contrives to make Expences prove his Gain.
Winter he loves, becauſe the days are ſhort ;
Walks in the Summer, as if A-la-mort.
When in the morning he bethinks to riſe,
Firſt ſtretcheth arms and legs, then wipes his eyes.
His manners lets the morning riſe before him ;
And when the Sun ſhines, ſeeming to adore him,
Then he bethinks to ſtir ; but firſt affords
A Prayer to God, not making many words,
And ſometimes none, well knowing he can do
With thoughts as much as words, though more than few.
He commonly lies ſtill, his bed to keep,
More out of ſloath, than a deſire to ſleep ;
Then yawns and turns himſelf for want of reſt ;
Anon for Dinner calls, before he's dreſt :
Which having eat, he ſeems to be in pain,
At laſt concludes, 'tis beſt to ſleep again.
That done, he riſes, to his Neighbour goes,
And in few words doth thus his minde diſcloſe :
How do you, Neighbour ? 'tis a pleaſant day ;
What's the beſt news ? what price are Mackrel, pray ?
The days do lengthen ſtrangely, and the Spring
Bids us attend the Birds that ſweetly ſing.
Then in the end bethinks to bid adieu ;
But firſt he yawns, and cries, What ſhall we do ?
So he concludes his Speech : Perhaps in fine,
They both agree to drink a pint of Wine.
When from the Church all Auditors are gone,
He is found ſleeping in his ſeat alone.

He

He enters into Bond, ne'er minds to pay,
But forfeits that, 'cauſe he forgets the day.
To be a Jury-man is his diſeaſe;
Rather than fetch his wood, he'll chuſe to freeze.
He's half a Chriſtian and half a Turk;
His Principle's to ſteal, and not to work.
He is indeed a proper Standing-pool
That needs muſt get corruption: 'Tis a rule
Obſervable, thoſe Pits do ſooneſt ſtink,
Whoſe mud aſſiſts to overflow the brink.
The idle Soul ſhall finde his food grow ſcant;
Sloath caſts a man into deep ſleeps and want.

¶ On Deſperation.

CHear up, my Soul, thy griefs in time will ceaſe;
Deſpair is Satan's only maſter-piece:
Hearken to that, the Devil ſoon will tell
The ready road that leads the way to Hell.
My ſin, ſaith *Cain*, is great, and I am driven
Juſtly to fear 'twill never be forgiven.
With Murther firſt he did his Curſe begin,
And furthers that, by adding ſin to ſin.
Then to deſpair give neither ear nor ſcope;
Lay hold on Chriſt, the Anchor of thy hope.

A PANEGYRICK

To the Right Reverend, And moſt nobly deſcended Prelate, *HENRY* by divine Providence, Lord Biſhop of *London.*

ILluſtrious Prelate! whom the World muſt own
A Father of the Church, a Martyr's Son;
Of ſacred Function, and of noble Blood;
'Tis a diſpute whether more great or good.
Thou ſecond *Ambroſe* of the Mitred Lords,
Northampton's || Helmets joyn'd with *London's* Swords,
Will keep thy Vineyard from the Foreſt-boar,
Beyond the ſkill of them who went before.
In Rev'rend *Henchman* we beheld a *Look*
Much like the Frontiſpiece of *Thee* the *Book*;
Jehovah's Poem, where he hath annext
A gracious Comment to a glorious Text;
Urim and *Thummim* wrote in words at large.
Thou *Decus* and *Tutamen* of thy charge,
Who *ex utroq;* ſitt'ſt amongſt the Peers,
A perfect *Neſtor* at meridian years.

Old *Jeroboam*, holy Legends tell,
By making Peaſants Prieſts, turn'd *Iſrael*

|| *Helmets the Arms of* Compton.

With

With her heels upward. That prodigious phraſe
Of High ſwoln *Woolſey* in King *Harry*'s days,
Ego & Rex, may teach great Monarchs what's
The ſad effects of mounting Butchers † Brats
To any thing but Gibbets. Where ſuch ſway,
There's none ſo proud, ſo tyrannous as they
Who ſuck nought from their Dams but kill and ſlay.
For take an upſtart Groom, who fetcht his riſe
But lately from a Dung hil', in a trice
He huffs, and *Hamans* it at ſuch a rate,
As if the ſlip'ry wheels of Rowling Fate
Were ſcotcht in him, forgetting that the Son
May end as baſely as the Sire begun.

Births are th'immediate acts of God; the choice
Of man founds well, which ecchoes to that voice.
The Cream of Gentry, not the Scum of Trade;
Princes are born, but Commonwealths are made.

Then bleſs'd be *Chriſt*, and *Charles* his ſervant, who
To ſilence the rude Cavils of our foe,
Has rais'd a Ruler from an antient ſtock,
A Swain (like *Daphais*) fairer than his flock;
In whom, by happy providence, we ſee
The falſe aſperſion, and foul calumnie,
Which *Brooke* of old caſt in the Churches face,
Bravely wipt off in nobler *Compton*'s race.
Compton the Great! a Family well known
From *Hopton* * *Heath*, to the Olympick Throne.
Compton the Valiant! that bears a power
From the Imperial ‖ Cloſet, to the † Tower.
Compton the Juſt! what can be more expreſt?
The Guns and Organs ſhall proclaim the reſt.

Nor can the mouth of Spite it ſelf defame
Th'unſullied Trophies of that ſpotleſs Name:

† Woolſey *a Butcher's Son of* Ipſwich.
* *The place where the old Earl was murthered.*
‖ *The Biſhop of* London *Clerk of the Cloſet.*
† *Earl of* Northampt. *Conſtable of the Tower.*

Nor

Nor Malice, choak'd with Liberty, controul
The leaſt attempt of ſo divine a Soul.
Had all been Lyons once, who wore that hide,
And each Lawn-ſleeve ſo honourably all'd,
Save tem'pral envy and ſpiritual pride,
Smectymnuus had not liv'd, nor *Cæſar* di'd.

The Caſſock whilom ſcar'd into a jump,
And curtail'd all in rev'rence to the Rump,
May now exult with Warrantable glee,
In thy ſerene unblemiſh'd Pedigree,
With the white ‖ Prelate of the Garter Blue,
Undaunted *Dolben*, and courageous *Mew*,
The High-born *Durham*, generous *Hereford*,
By line a Baronet, by Grace a Lord.
And (who ſhould be firſt nam'd) *Sheldon* the prime,
A word too glorious to be blaz'd in Rhyme.
As learned Lawyers juſtly boaſt the worth
Of their Heroick *Finch*, and Honour'd *North*.

When Goſpel-fury chang'd our Oyl to Aſhes,
And Pulpits turn'd to *Caledonian* † Swaſhes;
When Charity caught cold, and zeal ran mad;
When men of *Levi* dwelt in tents of *Gad*;
Black were our Stars, Cimmerian our Night,
No Darkneſs like degenerated Light.

But when the Sons of Peers lay down the ſharp
Faulchion, to tune the Pſaltery and the Harp,
Abandoning the pleaſures of *Hide-park*,
And with King *David* dance before the Ark,
Th'Infernal ſpirit flies: the Warlike Spear
Being beat into a Sheep-hook, ſhall we fear
New *Curſe ye Meroz* Doctrines in theſe Nations,
Clench'd with *Edge hill* and *Naſeby* applications?

‖ *The Biſhop of* Winton, *Doctor* Morley.

† *Drum, in the ſcotch phraſe, as appears by their Letany,* Fro au Harlotree, the Dinger of the Swaſh (i.e. *the beater of the Drum*) the foul Fiend, and the Gallow-tree, *Gude Laird deliver us.* *Harry*

Harry the Eighth, that he might propagate
Feud againſt Popery, and ſecure his State,
Diſpos'd the then Top-heavy Churches Lands
In his Nobilities and Gentries hands;
Knowing when time ſhould turn (which often varies)
They'd ſurely fight *pro Focis*, if not *Aris*.

But our bleſt Liege, that Piety may greet
Her younger ſiſter Policy, thinks meet
True Honours Ore ſhould wear Religion's Stamp,
To have the Chair recruited from the Camp.

His Majeſty, in ſuch deſignes as theſe,
Impropriates the Biſhops, not the Sees:
Impropriate, did I ſay? rather reſtore
Them to the Splendour they maintain'd of yore;
That when weak Curats fail, theſe Sons of Thunder
May keep the *Dan* and *Bethel* rabble under.
No Northern ſtorms ſhall then our Temple ſtir,
Whoſe Beams are Cedar, though their Rafters Fir.
And the rich Pavement which we walk upon,
Smooth as the Chariot of King *Solomon*,
Without a ſtone of ſtumbling and offence,
Or ſpeaking Treaſon in a Scripture ſence;
Or cruſhing Texts until they vomit blood,
A ſigne the Pulpits were not Iriſh wood.

All peeviſh Sects ſhall fall from their extreams,
Won by thy Worth, and melted by thy Beams,
As if thy parts, which we poor Lads admire,
Were mixt of *Gunning*'s Light, and *Rupert*'s Fire;
Enough to make a Browniſt keep the road,
And *Jenkins* chaunt another Palinode.

Abingdon * *wild*, whoſe Drolls infect the Rout,
May now complain his Pen hath got the Gout;
Who bubbled with his once-applauded Iter,
Out-did his Name by barking at the Mitre,

* *Once Chaplain to M. G.* Brown *at* Abingdon.

Shall

Shall ceaſe to ſtroak his half-dry Muſes Doggs,
In tenderneſs to's Conſcience or his Luggs.

The Pagan Saint, whoſe pretious lips expreſs
Nought but ſweet Sippets of Soul-ſavingneſs,
Making the ſplay-mouth'd Brethren mump like Apes,
At *Brooks* his Apples, and at *Titchburn*'s Grapes,
Shall balk his Canting, and convince the Gang,
An Anthem's better muſick than a Twang.

And we Plebeian Off-ſprings, meanly bred,
With a ſhort Grace, an Egg, and ſo to bed,
Yet having Souls where loyal flames are nurſt,
To *Charles* the good, and *James* of *Charles* the firſt,
Shall (to engage Poſterity our debtor)
Spend our dear blood as free as it 'twere better.

My Lord, accept this Mite; and if it pleaſe,
Give us thy benediction, and take theſe.
May all the Gifts and Graces that befel
On *Moſes*, *Joſhua*, and *Samuel*,
Inrich thy Breaſt and Brain in ſuch a ſort,
That the whole City, Country, and the Court,
Led by thy good example without ſtain
Of being factious, bruitiſh, or profane,
May win their priſtine Glory once again.
May as benign and proſperous a ſtate
As e'er *George Wharton* could prognoſticate,
Light on thy heart, and bleſs thee o're and o're,
Wiſdom and Wealth augmenting ſtill thy ſtore.
Long may'ſt thou govern without Guile or Gall,
And be thy Moderation known to all,
To bring ſtrai'd Sheep, by whatſoever name,
Back to the Fold from whence at firſt they came.

No private Meetings in thy Dioceſs,
Except thoſe lawful ones of Truth and Peace:
But if the many-headed Beaſt ſhould riſe
To pluck Kings plumes, and peck out Prelates eyes,

Teach

Teach them to crumble, like a tottring Wall,
Or *Dagon* cripled with a ſecond fall;
Or heads on *London*-bridge, expos'd to ſight,
That grin, and ſhew their teeth, but cannot bite:

Laſtly, when *Paul*'s Cathedral (whoſe fair growth
Attends on thine) is finiſh'd, when ye both
Piercing the Clouds, have kiſs'd the Lights above,
That by aſpiring Towers, thee by Love;
When the whole ſtory of thy ſpan is told,
And deeds, as well as Bays, have made thee old;
When the officious Angels ſhall have given
Thy better part its proper place in Heaven,
May thy bright Fame outſhine the Morning-ſtar,
As Prince, a Prelate, and a Batchelar.

So prayeth,

Moſt Honoured Lord,

the

humbleſt and meaneſt

of your

Lordſhips Servants,

Samuel Speed.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THere is lately Publiſhed an an excellent Piece, entituled The Vanity of Arts and Sciences. *By* Henry Cornelius Agrippa, *Kt. Doctor of both Laws, Judge of the Prerogative Court, and Counſellor to* Charles *the Fifth, Emperour of* Germany. *To be ſold by moſt Booksellers.*

FINIS.